

No. 14

APRIL, 1938

Detective COMICS

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TNT

A PROMINENT POLICE OFFICER OF LITTLE ROCK,
ARKANSAS IS SHOT DEAD IN HIS CAR
ON A LONELY ROAD.....



....WITH SCIENTIFIC METHODS WHICH
INCLUDE THE WEIGHING OF A BULLET
TO PROVE THE CALIBRE AND THE
MEASURING OF THE BULLET HOLE,
THAT THE MURDERER OF THE POLICE-
MAN STOOD ON THE BACK BUMPER
AND FIRED THROUGH THE REAR WINDOW!!

DETECTIVE COMICS

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Editor

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SPEED SAUNDERS!

..... ACE INVESTIGATOR

AND THE

MYSTERY of HONDOKU ISLE

BY CREIG FLESSEI

THROUGH THE STICKY HOT JUNGLE, THE SMALL PARTY OF TRAVELERS STRUGGLE ONWARD. THE VINES AND TREES SEEM TO REACH OUT TO HOLD THEM BACK! YELLOW FEVER, WILD ANIMALS AND HOSTILE SAVAGES STALK THEM - BUT THEY GO ON UNAFRAID - ON AND ON -

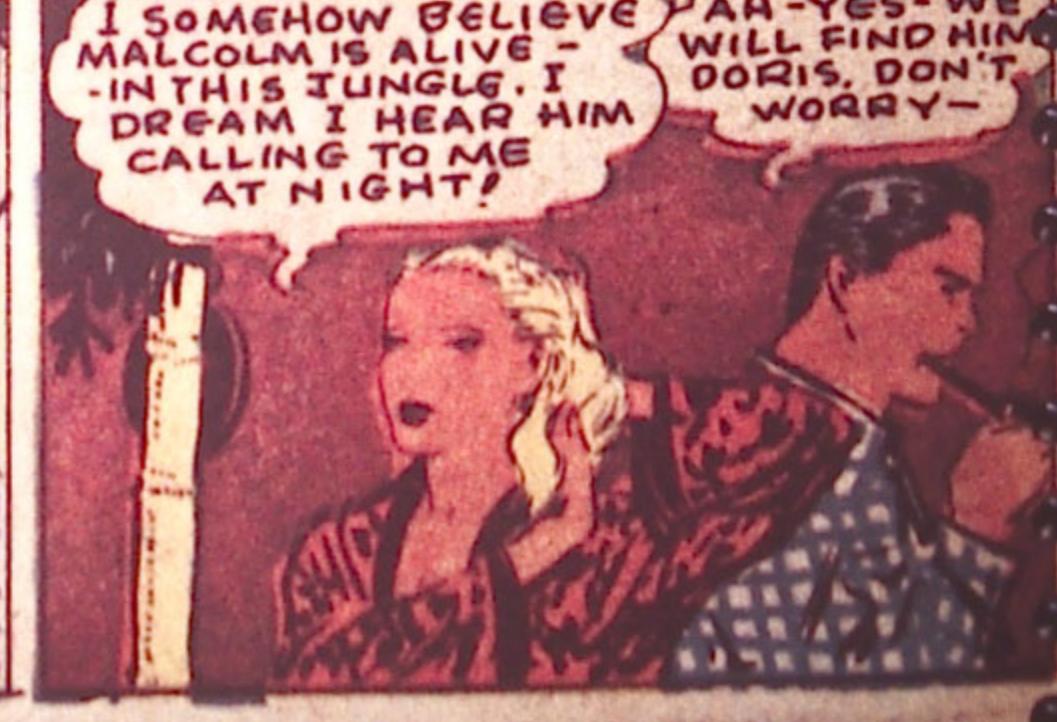
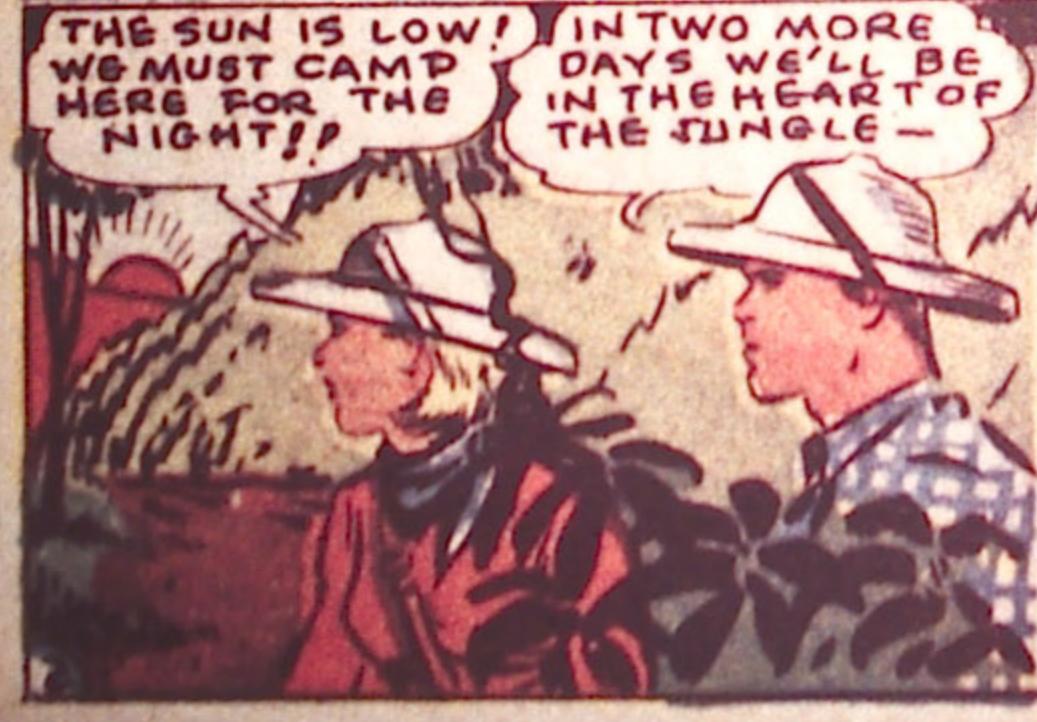
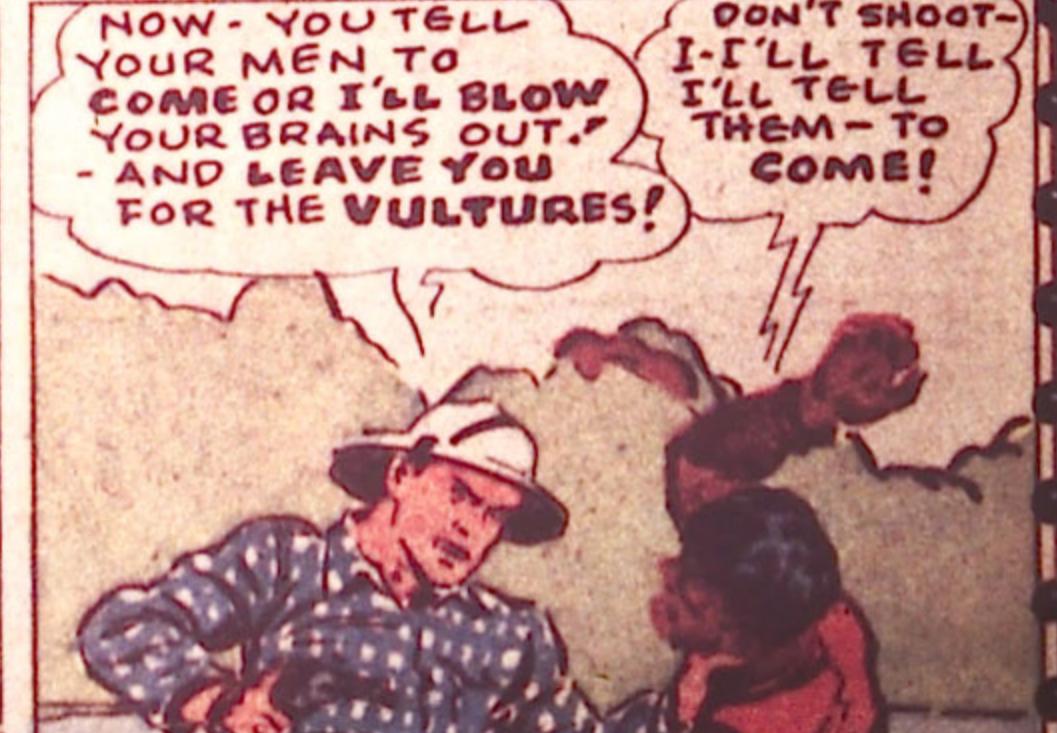


AND THE PURPOSE OF THE EXPEDITION IS TO FIND MALCOLM DANE, NOTED AVIATOR AND BROTHER OF DORIS AND DICK. MALCOLM HAS BEEN MISSING 2 MONTHS SINCE HIS PLANE CRASHED INTO THE JUNGLE!



DORIS DANE IS THE HEAD OF THE WEARY EXPEDITION WHICH IS TREKKING 200 MILES THROUGH AN UNEXPLORED JUNGLE OF HONDOKU ISLAND. AT HER SIDE IS SPEED SAUNDERS AND HER NEPHEW DICK DANE AS HER ASSISTANTS!





THAT NITE THE PORTERS ARE RESTLESS
AND AFRAID, THEY HUDDLE IN THE
DARK, MUTTERING INCOHERENTLY
AMONG THEMSELVES!



DORIS FALLS INTO A DEEP SLUMBER,
ALL IS QUIET-EXCEPT THE HUM OF
INSECTS AND THE OCCASIONAL HOWL
OF A JUNGLE BEAST!



DAWN BURST UPON THE JUNGLE
WITH A CRESCENDO OF WILD MUSIC
MADE BY THE CHITTER CHITTER OF
THE MONKEYS AND THE WEIRD
CRIES OF THE BEAUTIFUL TROPICAL
BIRDS AS THEY FLY ABOUT!



BAD-BAD. IT'S
BAD-MR. SAUNDERS
NATIVES AFRAID-
NO SLEEP! BAD-
DON'T WORRY,
BUJAMA!-I'LL
KEEP MY EYE
ON THEM TONIGHT!



AT MIDNIGHT- SPEED SITS BY
THE CAMP FIRE FIGHTING
OFF FATIGUE- AND INEVITABLE SLEEP



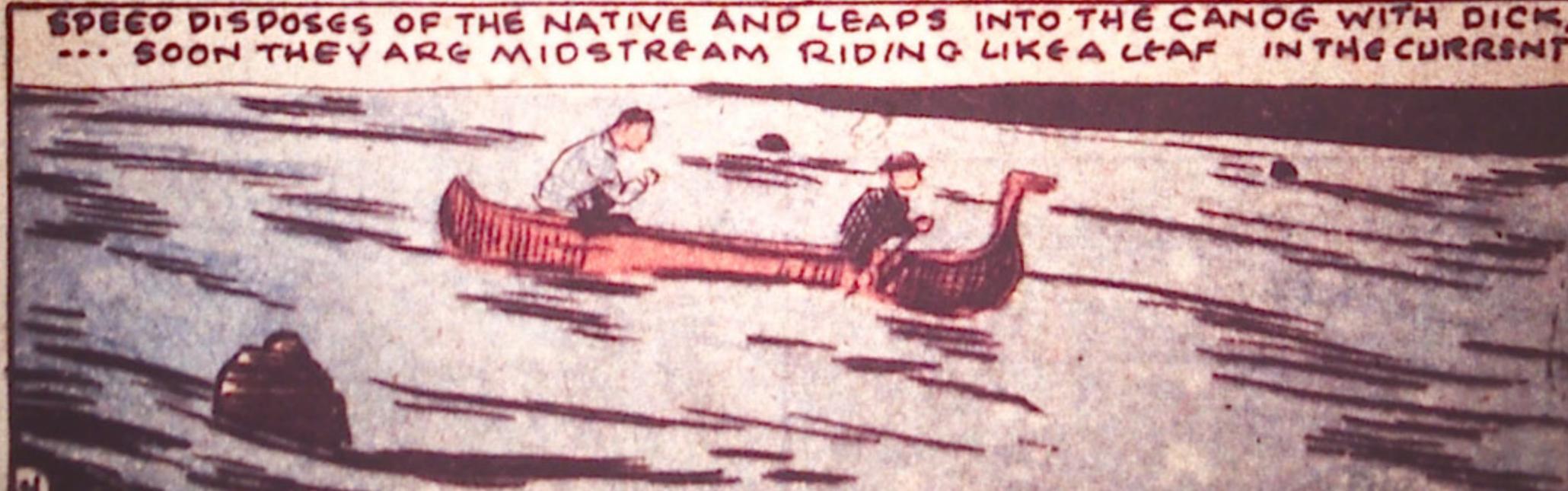
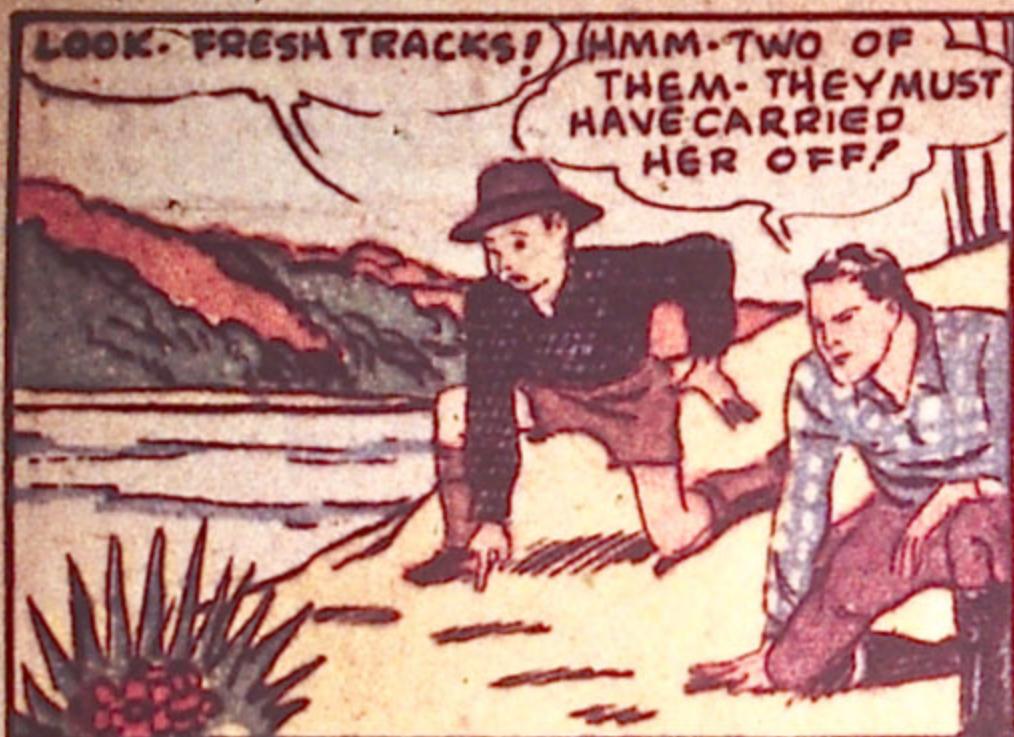
IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT TWO
FIGURES STALK QUIETLY OUT OF THE
CAMP BEARING THE INERT FORM
OF DORIS DANE! —



HEY! SPEED! WAKE UP!
WHERE'S DORIS? SHE'S
GONE! - YEAH -
GONE!!

HUH. GONE?
GEG - I MUST
HAVE FALLEN
ASLEEP!





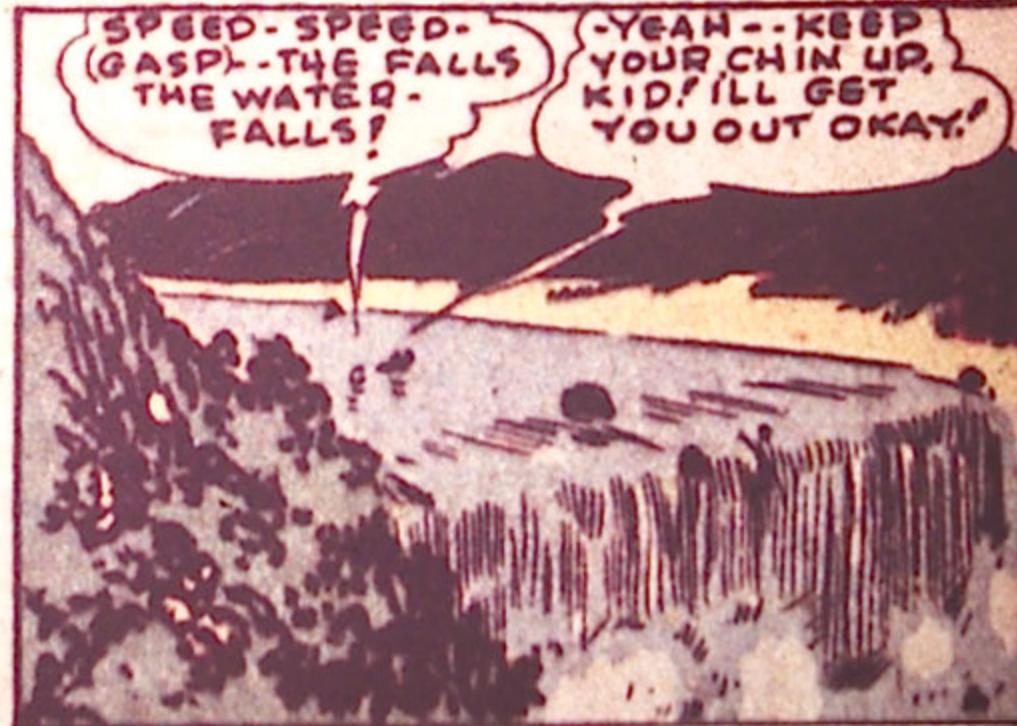
HOLD ON TIGHT, DICK!
IF WE HIT A ROCK, WE'RE
GOING OVER!

MORE ROCKS
AHEAD.
SPEED -

SUDDENLY THE CANOE JUMPS AND
BECOME ALMOST ALIVE AS IT HITS A ROCK,
THROWING ITS OCCUPANTS INTO THE
CHURNING STREAM -



SPEED AND DICK STRUGGLE TO KEEP
THEIR HEADS UP AS THEY ARE SWEEPT
ON BY THE SWIRLING, ANGRY WATERS!

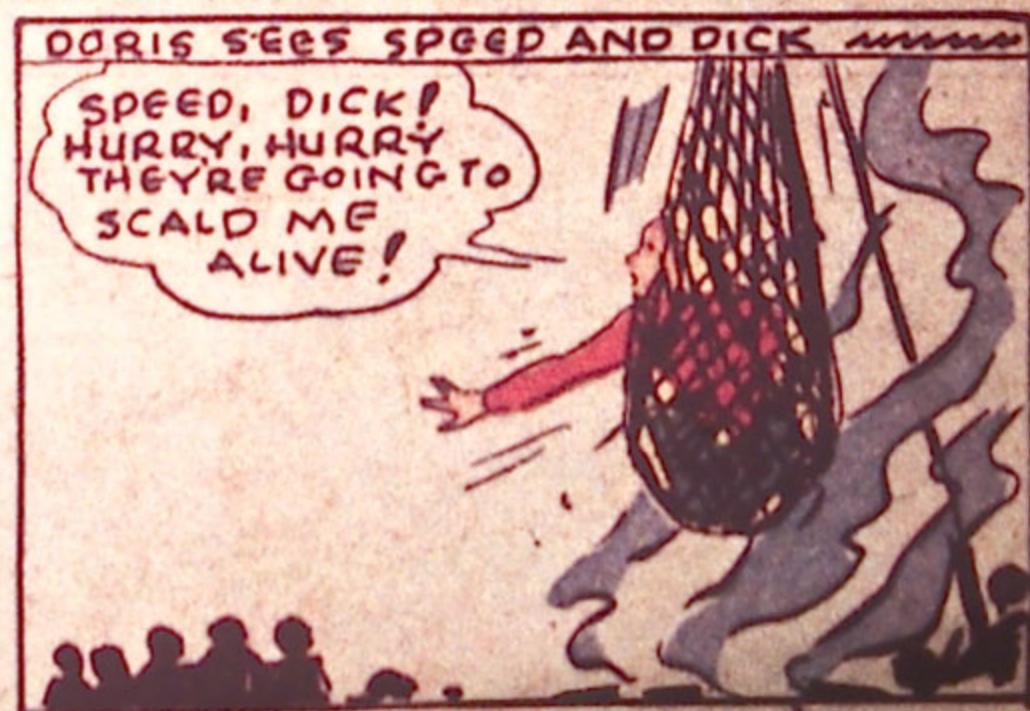
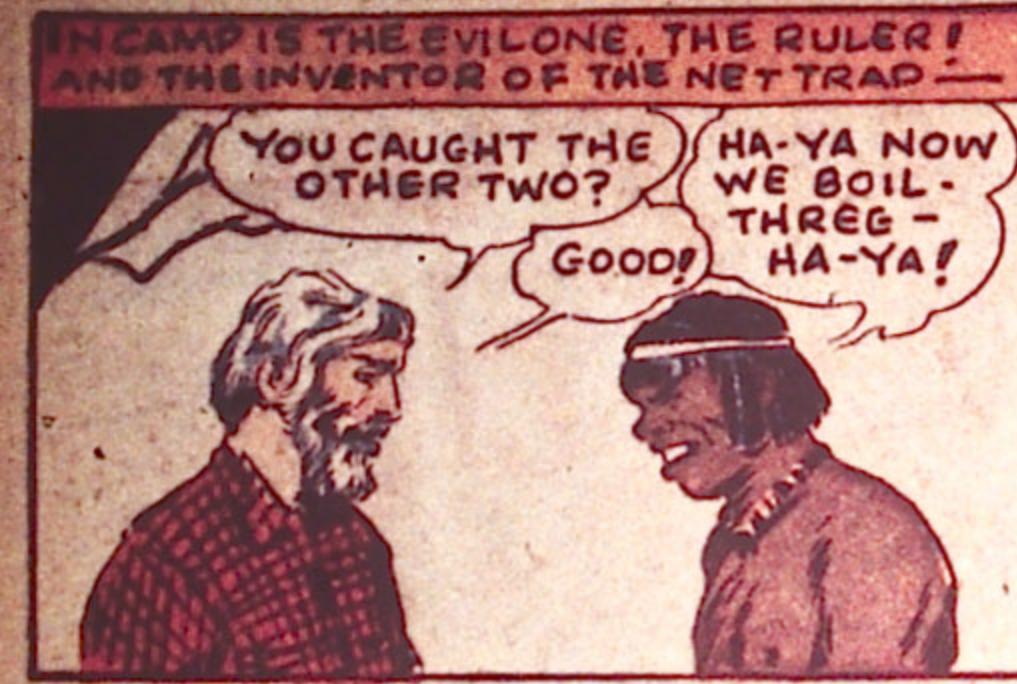


WILL THEY MAKE IT? TOTING, STRUGGLING -
TO THE END, THEY ARE ABOUT TO GO
OVER THE FALLS - WHEN - OOPS! ---
THEY ARE SWEEPT OUT OF THE WATER
BY A HUGG NET!



A NET WOVEN OF TWISTED VINES ---
CARRIES THEM OUT OF THE WATER
INTO THE JUNGLE BY AN OVERHEAD
TROLLEY LINE -- ??





THE LAW AT WORK

EDDIE DOLL



HOLDUP MAN, AUTO THIEF, BANK ROBBER AND KILLER WAS POSING AS E. FOLEY, A TEXAS CATTLEMAN, WHEN HE MET A GIRL IN CHICAGO, BECAME FOND AND FORMED AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH HER - BEFORE HE REALIZED IT HE HAD FALLEN IN LOVE WITH HER - THIS CAUSED HIM TO WANT TO QUIT THE RACKETS AND GO STRAIGHT - IT ALSO LED TO HIS CAPTURE -

HE MARRIED THIS GIRL AND SETTLED DOWN, POSING AS A BIG CATTLE AND OIL MAN - HE EVEN MASQUERADED AS A FEDERAL AGENT - BUT IN ORDER TO KEEP UP THIS FRONT HE HAD TO STAY IN HIS CAREER OF CRIME - SOMETIMES THE LOOTS WERE SMALL AND THE RISKS WERE ALWAYS GREAT --



BUT, AS THE G-MEN HAVE A WAY OF DOING, HE WAS FINALLY TRACKED DOWN THRU PATIENT AND NEVER ENDING STALKING - NOW ROTTING IN PRISON HE IS PAYING THE PENALTY FOR HIS EVIL DOINGS AND MUST ALWAYS THINK OF WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN HAD HE BEEN DECENT AND WORTHY OF A GOOD WOMAN'S LOVE --

CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

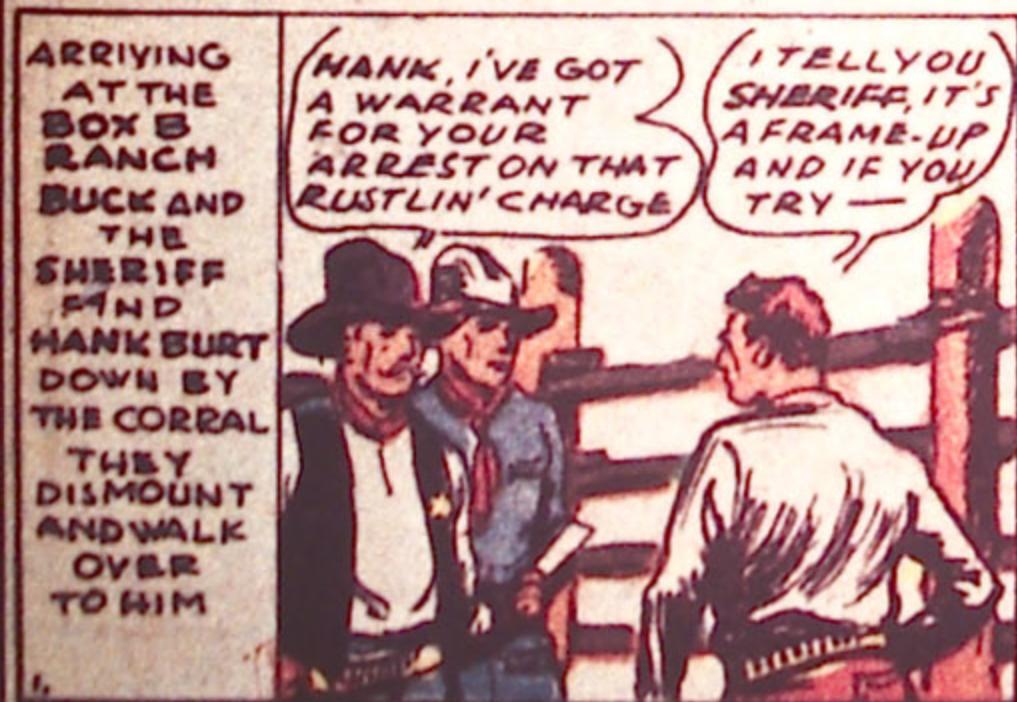
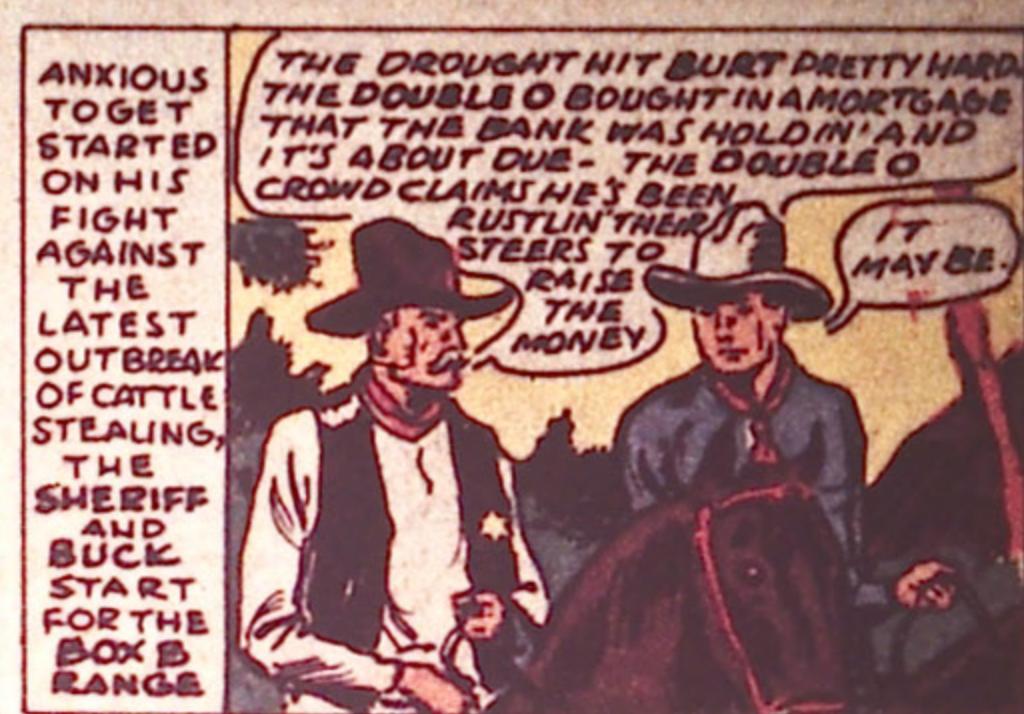
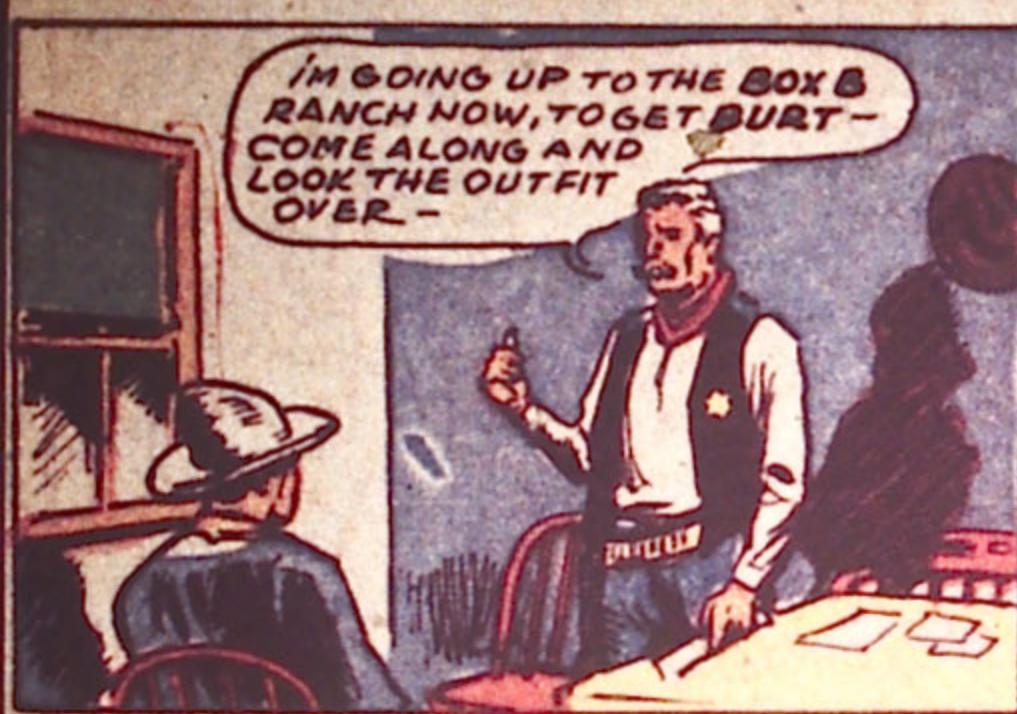
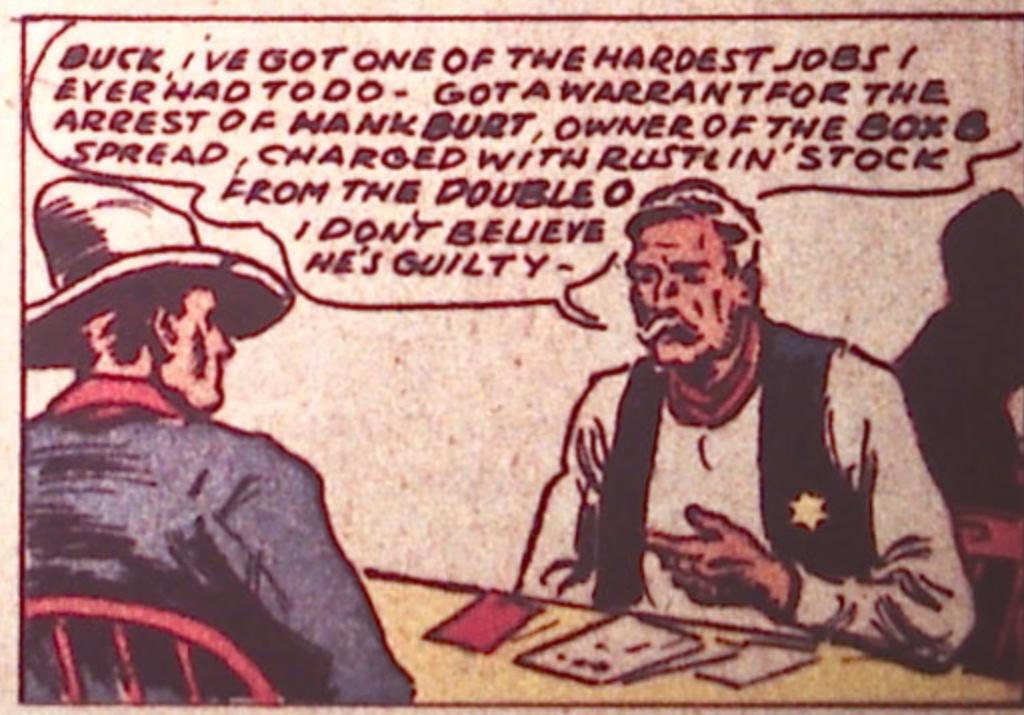
by Will Eisner

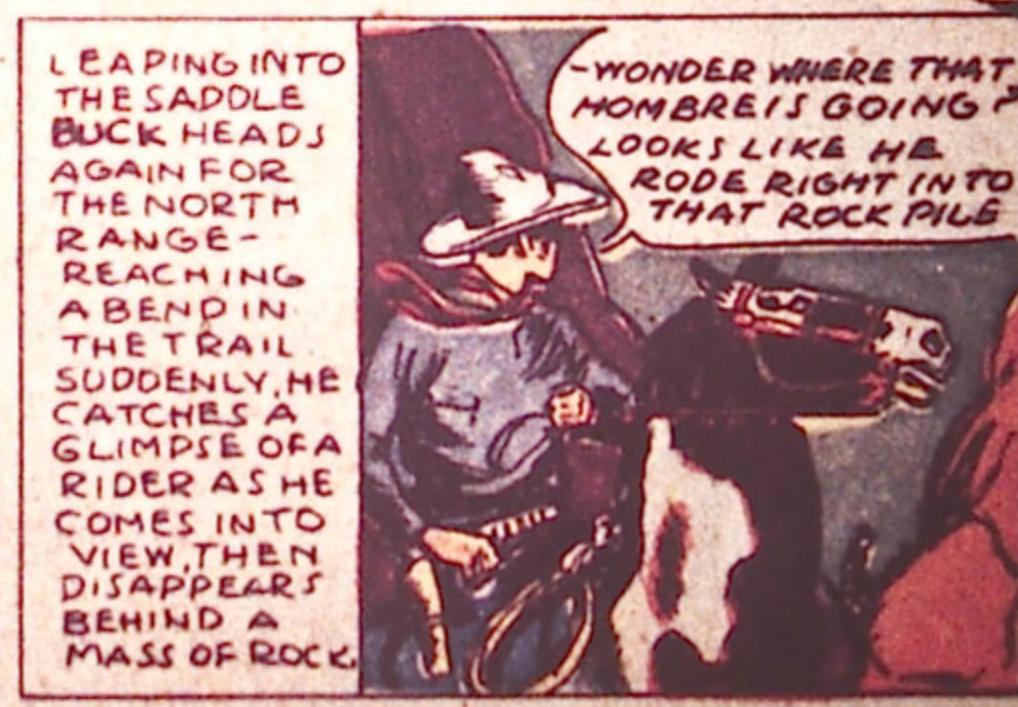
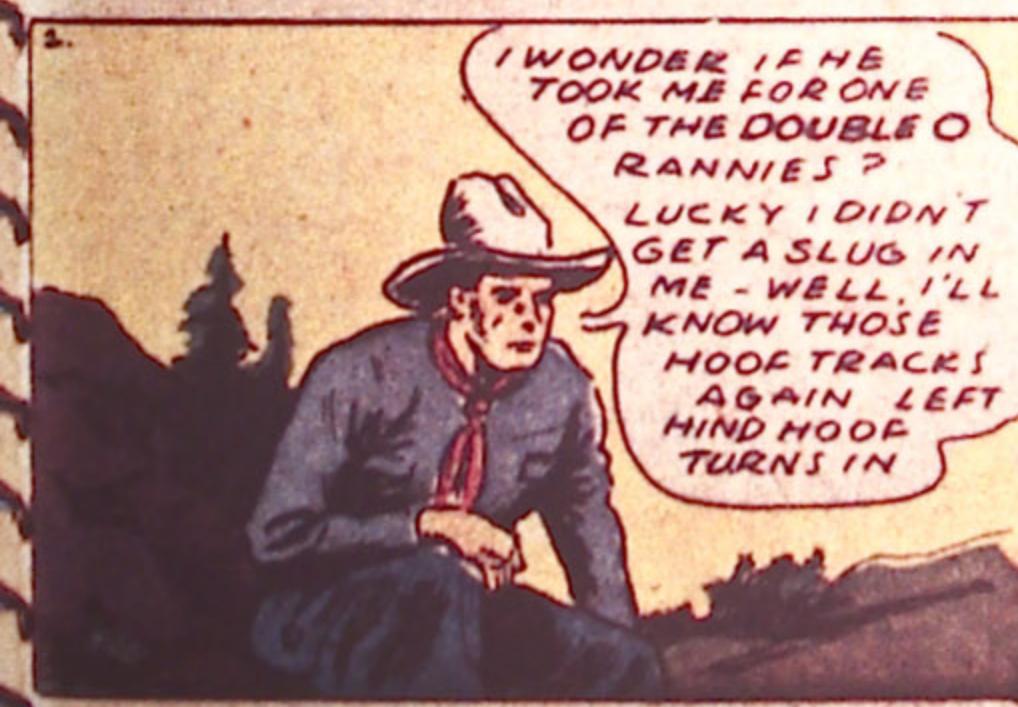
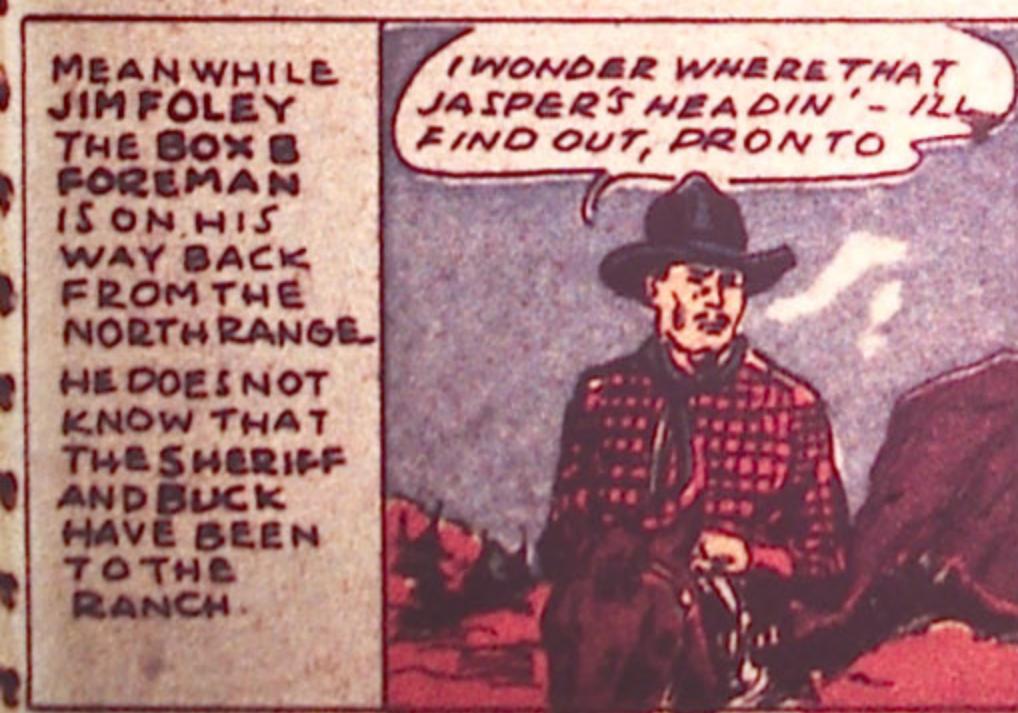
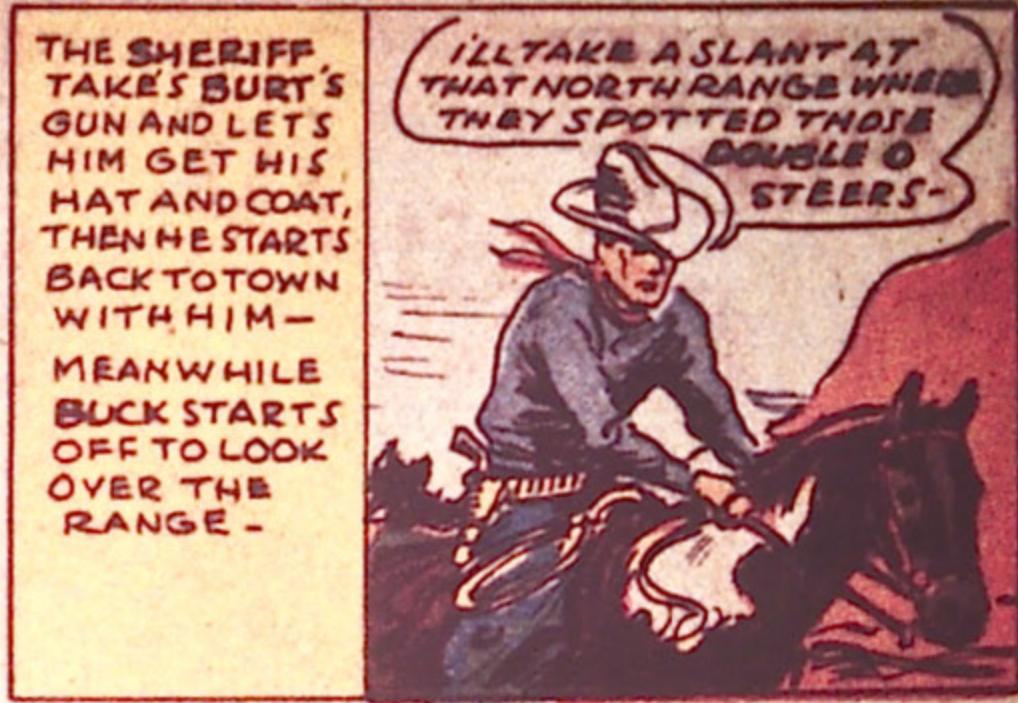
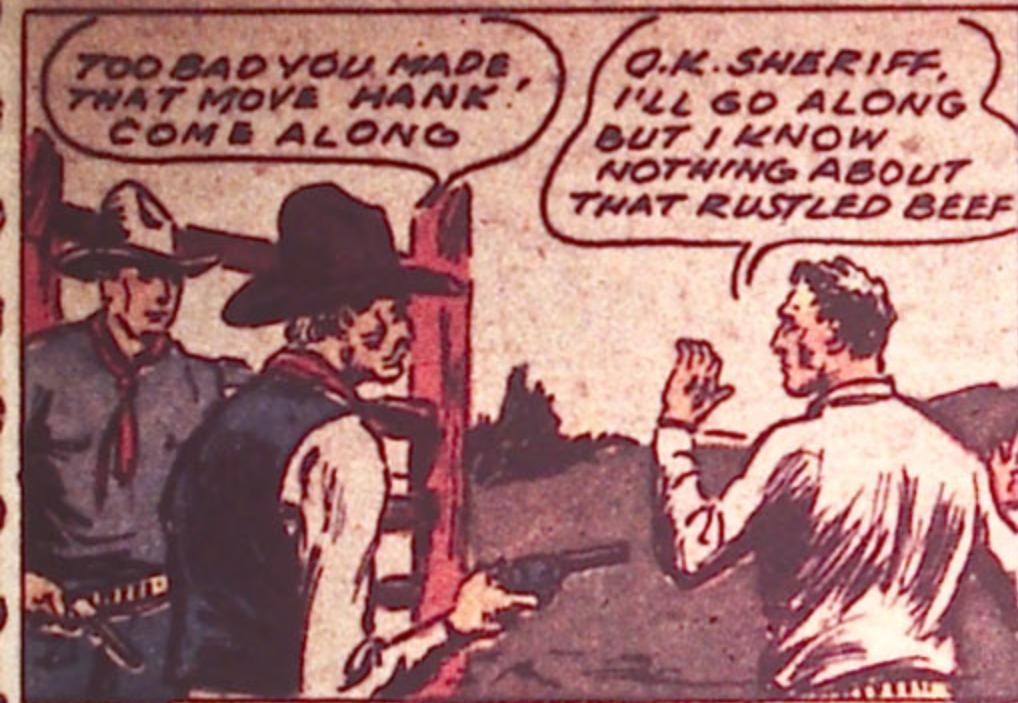


- FRAMING THE FRAMERS -

BUCK MARSHALL, RANGE DETECTIVE LIGHTLY SPURS HIS PAINT BRONCO OVER THE ROUGH MOUNTAIN TRAIL TO SAGE CITY. HE HAS LEFT MANY MILES BEHIND HIM, SINCE RECEIVING A MESSAGE FROM HIS FRIEND, THE SHERIFF, ASKING HIS ASSISTANCE ON A CASE. TOPPING A ROCKY RIDGE, HE GETS A VIEW OF THE TOWN BELOW AND HALF AN HOUR LATER, SWINGS DOWN FROM THE SADDLE, IN FRONT OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

THE SHERIFF IS AT HIS DESK, BUSY WITH SOME LEGAL PAPERS WHEN BUCK STRIDES THROUGH THE DOOR -





LEAVING HIS WELL TRAINED HORSE IN A CLUMP OF MESQUITE, BUCK GOES FORWARD AFOOT TO INVESTIGATE



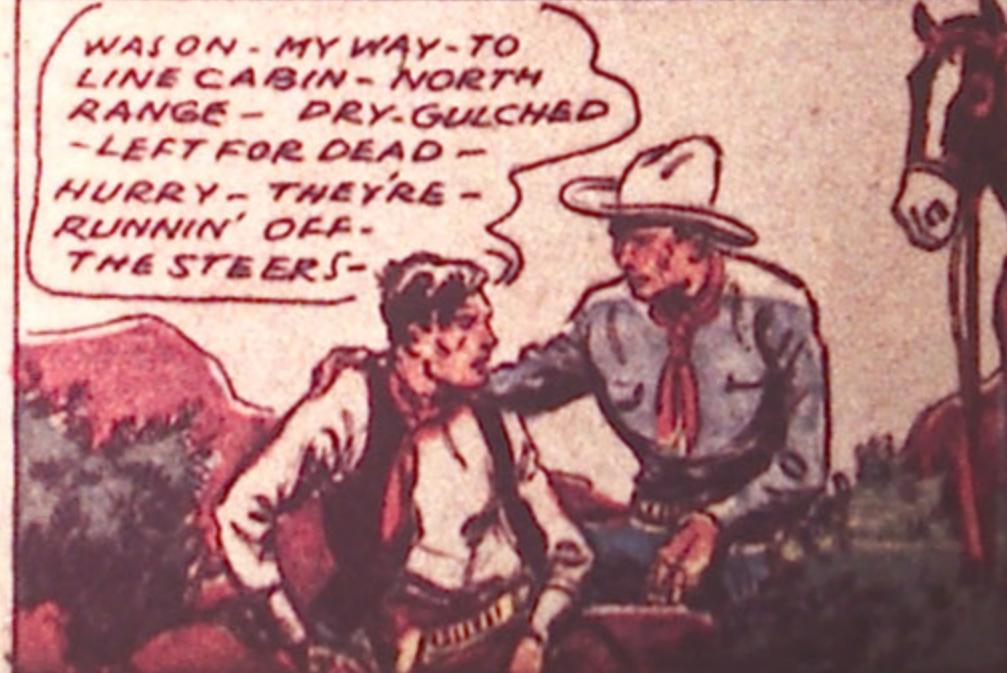
FOLLOWING THROUGH THE OPENING, BUCK ENTERS THE CANYON AND PICKS UP THE TRAIL LEFT BY THE RIDER.



CAREFULLY REPLACING THE BRANDING IRON EXACTLY AS HE HAD FOUND IT, BUCK GOES BACK TO WHERE HE HAD LEFT HIS BRONCO - IN ANOTHER MOMENT, HE IS ON HIS WAY, AGAIN



SUDDENLY THE BRONCO SWERVES FROM THE TRAIL, PICKS UP IT'S EARS AND SHORTS - LYING, PARTLY CONCEALED BY BRUSH, IS THE FIGURE OF A COWBOY



WELL THAT RANNY'S GONE TO THE LAST ROUND-UP. WISH HE COULD HAVE TOLD ME MORE BEFORE HE DIED - I'LL LOOK AROUND FOR TRACKS -

THAT HOMBRE EVIDENTLY DIDN'T FIT IN WITH SOMEBODY'S PLANS - THE KILLER STOOD BEHIND THESE ROCKS - HERE'S A SHELL - HE DIDN'T WAIT LONG - KNEW WHEN HIS VICTIM WOULD COME -

CONCEALING THE BODY OF THE DEAD COWBOY IN A BRUSH-COVERED HOLLOW, BUCK HASTENSON ON HIS WAY TO THE NORTH RANGE, WHERE THE MIS-BRANDED STEERS ARE HERDED

THERE'S THE ROOF OF THE CABIN JUST OVER THAT RISE - I'LL HIDE THE HORSE AND GUM-SHOE AROUND TO THE BACK

SOMEONE'S IN THE CABIN - IF I CAN GET UNDER THAT SIDE WINDOW WITHOUT THAT CAYUSE NICKERING AND GIVING ME AWAY -

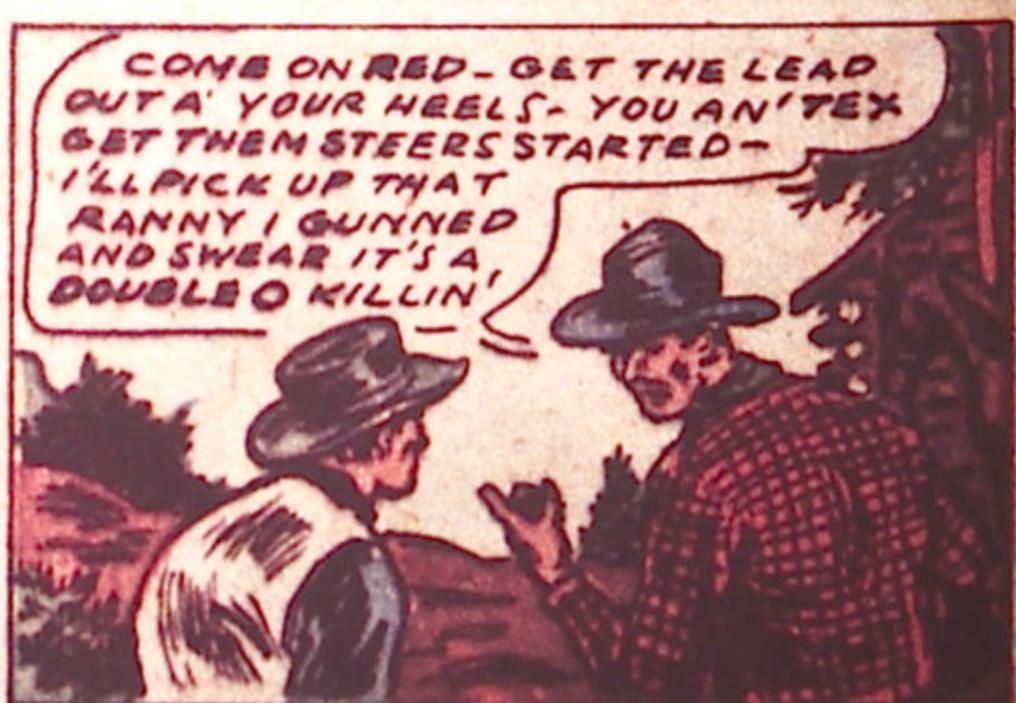
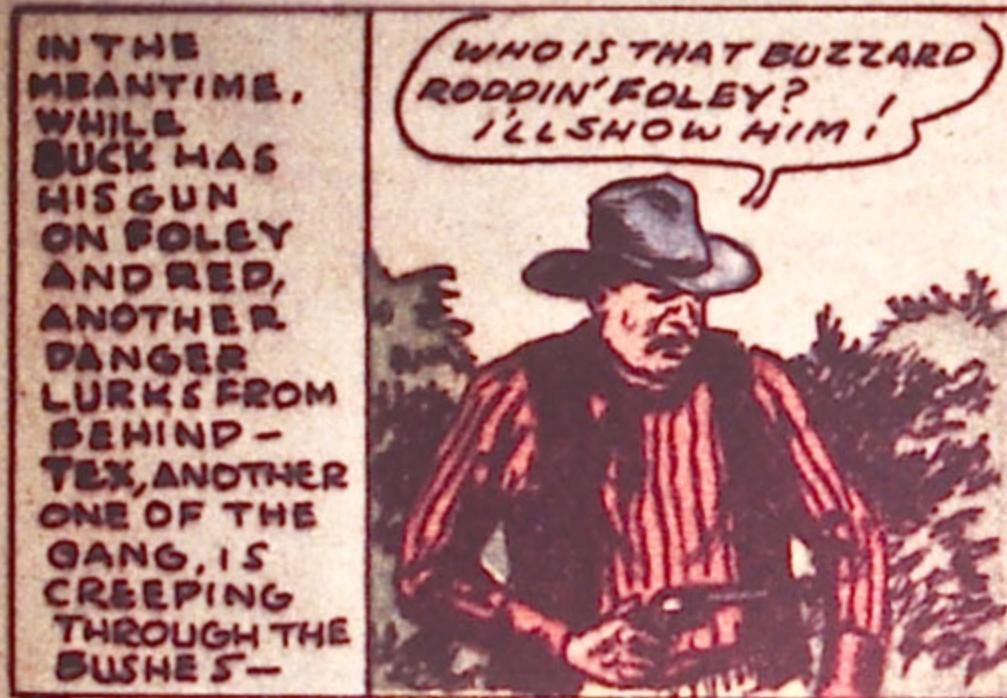
SOMEBODY JUST RODE UP TO THE FRONT DOOR - I'VE GOT TO GET TO THAT WINDOW - MAY HEAR SOMETHING

WAKE UP RED, WE GOT TO GET THEM STEERS STARTED FOR THE BORDER, PRONTO - PETE AN'TEX LET THAT NEW WADDY GETAWAY - I GOT THAT OTHER COWPOKE, THOUGH!

PRESENTLY THE NEW-COMER GOES OUT THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR TO GET HIS HORSE - HE CALLS BACK TO RED -

WE WOULDN'T NEED TO WORRY ABOUT THE SHERIFF IF IT HADN'T FER THAT OTHER COWPOKE GETTIN' AWAY

NOW'S MY CHANCE! RED'S COMING OUT THE BACK DOOR FOR HIS HORSE - I HOPE THIS WORKS



MEANWHILE
THE SHERIFF
IS ON HIS
WAY WITH
TWO DEPUTIES
TO GUARD
THE RUSTLED
STEERS ON
THE NORTH
RANGE—
REACHING A
POINT ABOVE
THE LINE CABIN
THEY WITNESS
THE SLUGGING
OF BUCK—

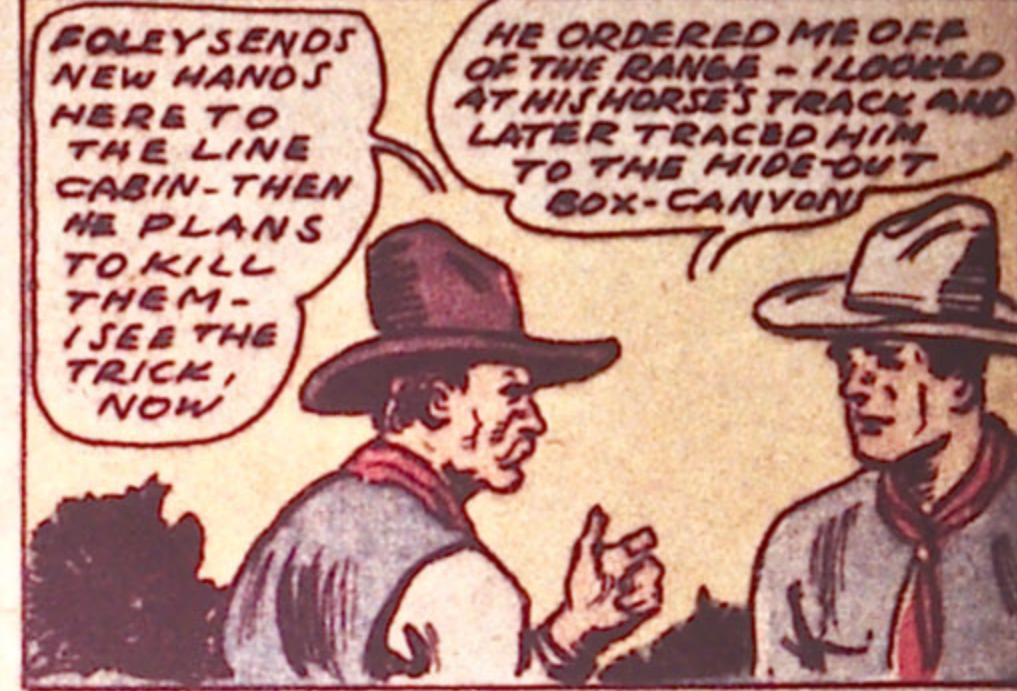


AFTER
DISARMING
FOLEY AND
HIS TWO
COMPANIONS,
THE SHERIFF
FORCES TEX
TO POINT OUT
WHERE HE
HAD TAKEN
BUCK—



HOW DID YOU
HAPPEN ALONG
SHERIFF?

THAT BOX-B RIDER
THAT GOT AWAY FROM
THESE CROOKS
TOLD ME—



THEY PASSED DOUBLE-O CATTLE THROUGH
THE HOLE IN THE CANYON WALL AND
BRANDED THEM WITH THE BOX-B-
IRON—FOLEY AND THE DOUBLE-O
CROWD WERE FRAMING HANK BURT



LARRY STEELE

PRIVATE
DETECTIVE

by Will Ely

WHAT NANCY TOOK FOR A BLACKMAILING RACKET HAS DEVELOPED INTO A KIDNAPPING-TWO CROOKS HAVE HER, PRISONER, IN A BASEMENT OF AN OLD TENEMENT IN HARLEM-LARRY AND THE POLICE WHO WERE ON THE TRAIL OF THE KIDNAPPERS HAVE FOUND THEIR CAR DESERTED, BUT NO TRACE OF THE KIDNAPPERS OR THE GIRL ---



YOU TWO, STAND GUARD OUT HERE - LARRY AND I'LL GO IN -



SHALL WE RING?

NO - WE'LL TRY SOME OF THESE KEYS I HAVE HERE -



WHILE IN THE BASEMENT -

NOW YOU JUST SIT TIGHT, SISTER, AND YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT -



WE'LL GET SOME CRUB, AND THEN I'LL WRITE A NICE LETTER TO HER OLD MAN



HEY, LOOK! SOMEBODY'S AT THE DOOR!

WHO IS IT?



BULLS! THEY'VE SPOTTED US!

PIPE DOWN! WE CAN GIVE 'EM THE SLIP OUT THE BACK WAY!

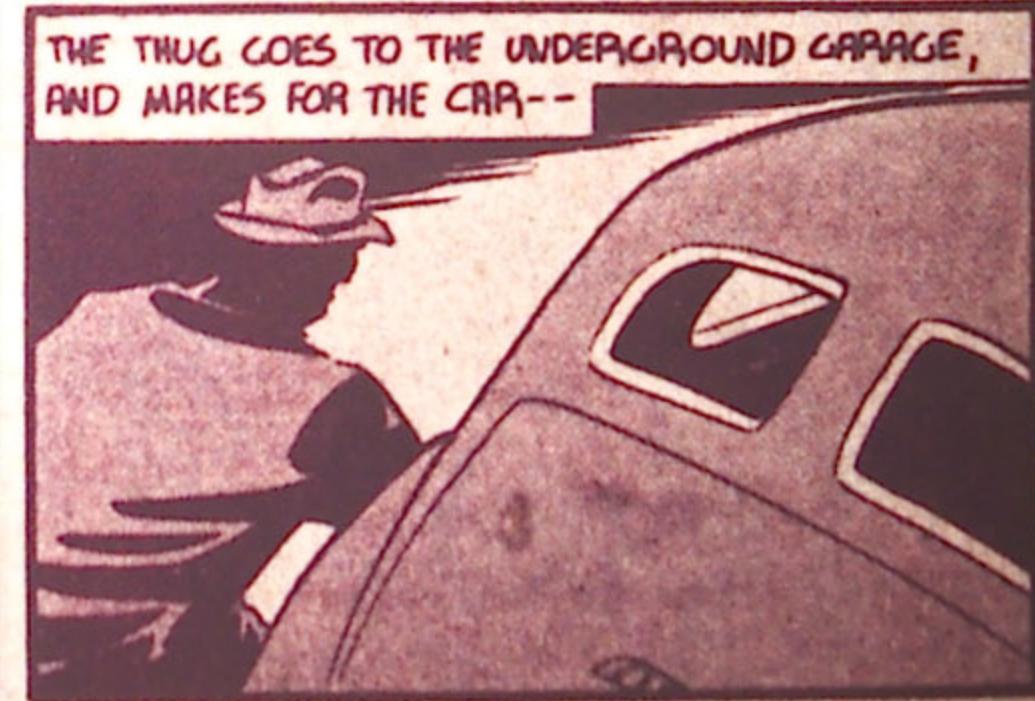
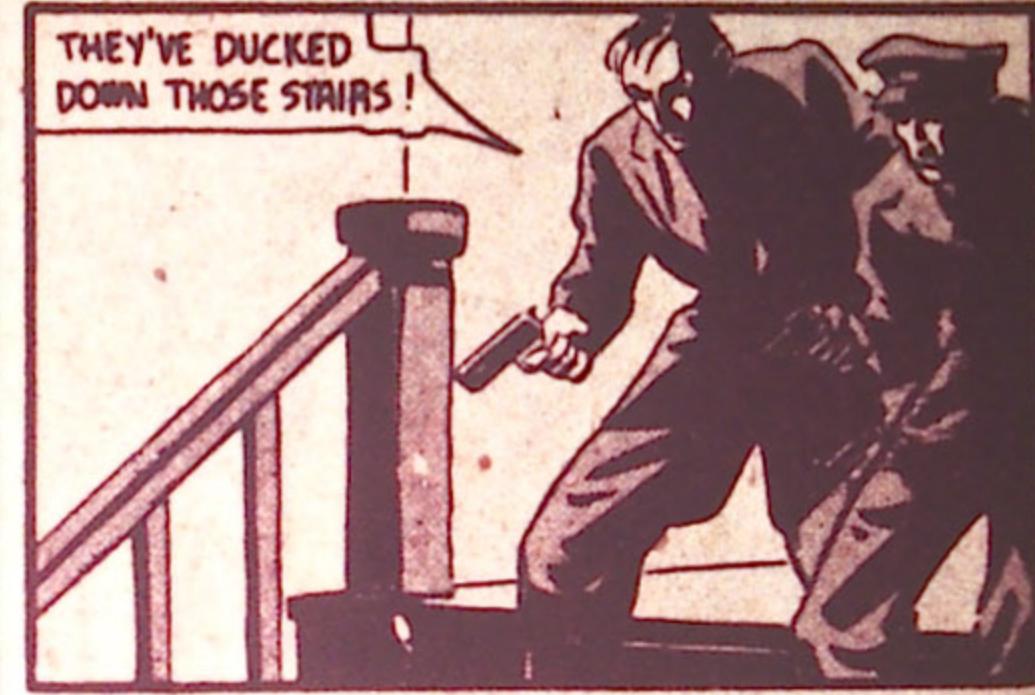


WE'LL HAVE TO STEP ON IT!! THEY'LL GET IN ANY MINUTE NOW!



I JUST SAW SOMEONE IN THERE - NEVER MIND THE KEYS WE'LL BLAST THE LOCK !!





BUT AT THAT MOMENT THE COP WHO WENT TO THE BACK OF THE BUILDING BREAKS IN THE GARAGE DOORS

PUT 'EM UP, MUG!

TAKE THAT, COPPER!



THE CROOK'S AIM IS WILD AND THE COP RIDDLESM HIM-



NOW TO BLOCK THIS EXIT!



THE OTHER CROOK GRABS NANCY AND FORCES HER TO HER FEET-



THERE'S ONE OF THEM

LOOK OUT! HE HAS THE GIRL WITH HIM!



HOLD YER FIRE, COPPER S, OR SHE GETS IT IN THE BACK!



THAT'S IT- NOW WE'LL BE LEAVIN', BEAUTIFUL.



AS THE CROOK APPROACHES THE GARAGE, THE COP INSIDE SEES THE SITUATION AND HIDES, HOPING TO GET A SHOT AT THE CROOK WITHOUT ENDANGERING THE GIRL -



THE CROOK DRAGS THE GIRL INTO THE GARAGE AND MAKES FOR THE CAR -



SEEING AN OPENING THE COP FIRES BUT MISSES -



QUICK AS A FLASH THE KIDNAPPER BLAZES AWAY, WOUNDING THE OFFICER -



HE SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR AND NANCY IS DRAGGED INTO THE CAR -



LARRY, SENSING WHAT IS GOING ON, LEAPS OUT OF A WINDOW TO A ROOF BELOW -



DROPPING TO THE GROUND, HE IS IN THE PATH OF THE ONCOMING AUTO OF THE KIDNAPPER -



HE OPENS FIRE, SHATTERING THE WINDSHIELD WHERE THE CROOK IS SITTING -



THE CAR SWERVES AND CRASHES AGAINST A FENCE -



LARRY RUSHES IN AND DRAGS NANCY FROM THE WRECKAGE -
THE KIDNAPPER IS DEAD-SHOT BETWEEN THE EYES ---



THE OTHERS RUSH OUT, INCLUDING THE WOUNDED COP -



YOU'RE THE
NEW BUTLER,
AREN'T YOU?



I WAS FOR
A WHILE --
I'M REALLY
LARRY STEELE,
PRIVATE
DETECTIVE -



THAT'S IT -
NOW TELL
ME - WHO
WAS THIS,
AND WHAT
WAS HIS
GAME? I
THOUGHT
YOU WERE
BEING
BLACKMAILED



I WAS UNTIL THESE KID-
NAPPERS KILLED THE
BLACKMAILER AND TRIED
FOR BIGGER STAKES --

WELL, SINCE
THEY ARE ALL
DEAD AS A
RESULT OF
THEIR EVIL
DOINGS, I
GUESS YOU
AND YOUR
FATHER CAN
LIVE IN
PEACE NOW -



THANKS TO YOU,
MR. STEELE -

TOO MANY CROOKS.

by Tom Hickey.



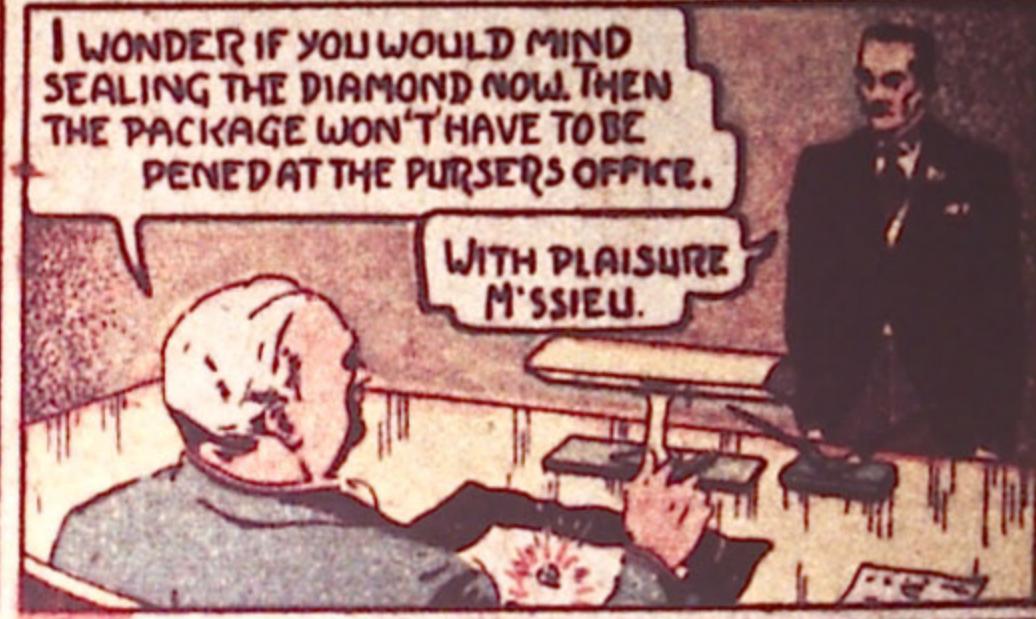
*another
Bruce Nelson
adventure.*

IN THE OFFICE OF THE FAMOUS FRENCH DIAMOND MERCHANT, HENRI GOURMIER, SAT M. GOURMIER AND LLOYD PARSONS, BUYER FOR THE FAMOUS AMERICAN FIRM, CHARTERIS & CO.

VEREE WELL, M'SSIEU PARSONS. THE FAMOUS OMAR DIAMOND IS YOURS FOR \$250,000.

IT IS PERFECT M. GOURMIER. CONSIDER THE DEAL CLOSED.

I WANT YOU TO DELIVER THE DIAMOND TO ME AT THE PURSERS OFFICE ON BOARD THE MONARCH AT 12:30 TO-MORROW. YOU'LL GET YOUR CHECK THEN.



AS GOURMIER CROSSED THE ROOM TO GET THE WAX, PARSONS SLIPPED THE OMAR DIAMOND INTO HIS POCKET AND REPLACED IT WITH AN IMITATION.



HERE YOU ARE M'SSIEU PARSONS. FINE M. GOURMIER. THEN I'LL SEE YOU AT THE BOAT AT 12:30 P.M. TO-MORROW.



THE NEXT DAY - THE MONARCH LAY AT ANCHOR
PREPARATORY TO ITS NEW YORK SAILING.



BRUCE NELSON STOOD LEANING ON THE
RAIL WATCHING THE MILLING THROUG.



THERE'S LLOYD PARSONS, THE DIAMOND BUYER FOR
CHARTERIS & CO COMING ON BOARD. I WONDER WHAT
LITTLE TRINKET HE PICKED UP THIS TIME?



OH HO! AND THERE'S CAULKINS AND STRAFACCHI.
TWO OF OUR SLICKEST JEWEL THIEVES. I DON'T SUPPOSE
THEY KNOW PARSONS IS TAKING THIS BOAT.



THERE'S PARSONS GOING ON BOARD
NOW. I WONDER IF HE'S GOT THE ICE
ON HIM?



C'MON! LET'S
GO ON BOARD!

WELL, I GUESS I'LL SETTLE DOWN IN A DECK
CHAIR AND HAVE A LOOK AT THE NEWSPAPER.



HMM! A BIT OF PUBLICITY FOR CHARTERIS AND CO.
SO THAT'S WHAT PARSONS IS CARRYING AND CAULKINS
AND STRAFACCHI HAVE THEIR EYE ON ALREADY.



17

FAIRY OMAR GEM COMING TO AMERICA



Lloyd Parsons

Lloyd Parsons buys
famous diamond for
Charteris & Co, for
250,000 dollars from
Gourmier, famous
diamond merchant.

Peru - 1933

HE'LL PROBABLY CHECK IN AT THE PURSER'S OFFICE.
I THINK I'LL STROLL DOWN THAT WAY AND GIVE A LOOK SEE.



THERE GOES BRUCE
NELSON, THE CRACK
AMATEUR SLEUTH.



THERE'S SEVERAL PEOPLE AROUND THE PURSER'S
OFFICE BUT I DON'T SEE PARSONS YET. — HERE HE
COMES NOW.



PARSONS WALKED UP TO THE COUNTER. IN A MOMENT
HE WAS JOINED BY M. GOURMIER.



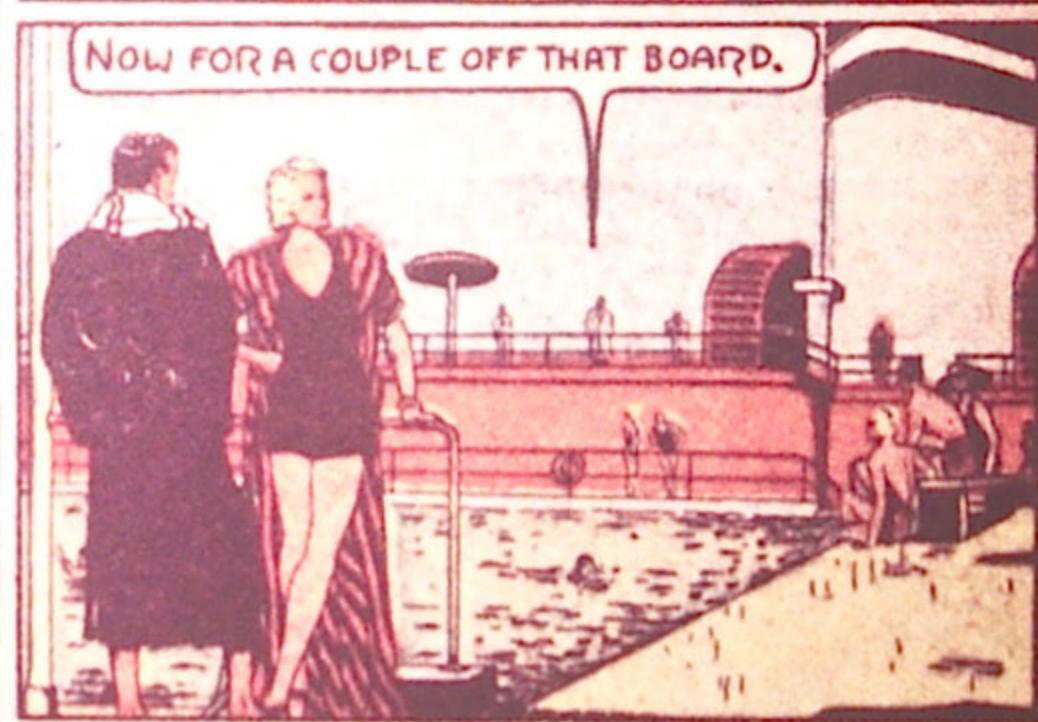
FINALLY THE FAMILIAR CALL "ALL ASHORE THAT'S GOING ASHORE" RANG OUT. THE BIG SHIP HAULED ANCHOR AND SET SAIL FOR AMERICA.



I THINK A DIP IN THE POOL WOULD BE REFRESHING RIGHT NOW.



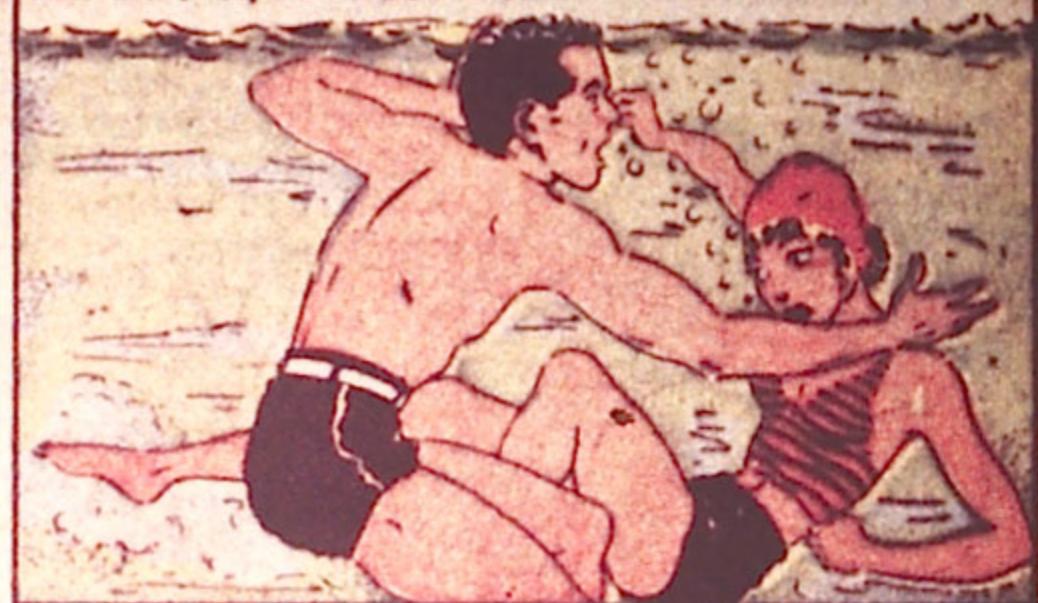
NOW FOR A COUPLE OFF THAT BOARD.



NELSON CLIMBED TO THE DIVING PLATFORM AND DOVE.



AS HE WAS RISING TO THE SURFACE HE SMACKED INTO SOMETHING SOFT BUT SOLID.



HE ROSE TO THE SURFACE AND THERE SPUTTERING BESIDE HIM WAS AN ASTONISHINGLY PRETTY GIRL.



I BEG YOUR PARDON. I DIDN'T SEE ANYONE AROUND WHEN I DOVE.

IT'S ALL MY FAULT. I WAS SWIMMING UNDER WATER. I SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN IN THE DIVING ZONE.



THEY WERE STRANGELY ATTRACTED TO EACH OTHER IMMEDIATELY. THEY CLIMBED FROM THE POOL AND STRETCHED OUT IN THE SUN TOGETHER.



IN CASE YOU WANT TO CALL ME SOMETHING FOR RUNNING INTO YOU IN THE POOL - WHY NOT TRY BRUCE NELSON.



BEING A PERFECT LADY, THAT'S ABOUT ALL I CAN CALL YOU, AND THE LADY IS NONE OTHER THAN PATRICIA BARDEN - PAT TO MY IRISH FRIENDS.

I READ IN THE MORNING PAPER THAT THE FAMOUS OMAR DIAMOND IS ON BOARD. - DO YOU KNOW MR. PARSONS?

FAINTLY, I MET HIM ONCE BUT I DOUBT IF HE WOULD REMEMBER ME.



HIS WORK MUST BE VERY INTERESTING. I'D LIKE TO MEET HIM. I HAVE AN UNCLE IN HIS LINE IN CHICAGO. THEY MIGHT KNOW EACH OTHER.



HE'LL PROBABLY BE IN THE DINING SALON TONIGHT. WHY NOT DINE WITH ME AND I'LL TRY AND ARRANGE AN INTRODUCTION?

I'D LOVE IT. BUT YOU SEE I'M TRAVELING WITH MY AUNT AND WE USUALLY DINE TOGETHER - WHY DON'T YOU JOIN US FOR DINNER?



FINE! - THEN ADIOS UNTIL TONIGHT.



THAT'S THE FIRST REALLY DECENT DINNER I'VE HAD IN MONTHS. I CAN'T STAND MOST CONTINENTAL FOOD.

I SEE MR. PARSONS IS AT THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE.

THAT SOUNDS LIKE MY CUE.



THAT NIGHT .

IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'LL SEE IF I CAN ARRANGE TO HAVE YOU MEET HIM.



A COUPLE OF NICE PEOPLE, BUT THEY SHOW AN ALMOST UNHEALTHY INTEREST IN PARSONS.— OH WELL! — MAYBE THEIR INTEREST IS ONLY IN MUTUAL ACQUAINTANCES.



HOW DO YOU DO MR. PARSONS. MY NAME IS BRUCE NELSON. I MET YOU AT A DINNER AT THE TRITZ-BELMORE IN NEW YORK. I DON'T KNOW WHETHER YOU REMEMBER ME OR NOT.



THE PARTY AT MY TABLE IS INTERESTED IN MEETING YOU. MISS PATRICIA BARDEN AND HER AUNT MRS. JESSUP. THEY'RE RELATED TO A HUGH MORRISON IN CHICAGO WHOM THEY BELIEVE YOU MIGHT KNOW.



HUGH MORRISON OF TENAFLY LTD? TO BE SURE! I'LL JOIN YOU IN A MOMENT MR. NELSON.



•—TWENTY MINUTES LATER. •—

YOUR AUNT AND MR. PARSONS SEEM TO HAVE FOUND MUTUAL INTERESTS SO LET'S DANCE PAT.



IT'S A SMALL WORLD AFTER ALL.—MR. PARSONS CABIN IS RIGHT ACROSS THE HALL FROM OURS.



BUT HE KEEPS THE DIAMOND IN A SAFE DEPOSIT BOX IN THE PURSER'S OFFICE.



THAT'S RIGHT. THEN IT WILL HAVE TO BE THE ETCHINGS.

I SEE AUNT LAURA AND MR. PARSONS ARE STILL AT IT.



FINE! LET'S GO SEE IF THEY HUNG OUT THAT MOON ORDERED FOR TONIGHT.

WILL YOU EXCUSE ME A MINUTE, BRUCE? I WANT TO GET A WRAP.

PAT MADE HER WAY DOWN THE CORRIDOR TO HER STATE ROOM DOOR. SHE STOOD A MOMENT GAZING THOUGHTFULLY AT PARSONS'S DOOR ACROSS THE HALL.

WHEN HER EYES RESTED ON THE ADJACENT WALL.



FIRE ALARM

THE FIRE GONG SOUNDED. PEOPLE RUSHED FOR THE DECK AND THE LIFE BOATS. WOMEN SCREAMED, OFFICERS SHOUTED, BUT PAT STOOD STILL PEERING THROUGH HER PARTLY OPENED DOOR.



THANK YOU, SIR. THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW!



PEOPLE RAN DOWN THE CORRIDOR. ONE OF THEM WAS PARSONS. HE HASTILY UNLOCKED THE DOOR OF HIS CABIN AND BOLTED INSIDE, LOCKING THE DOOR AFTER HIM.



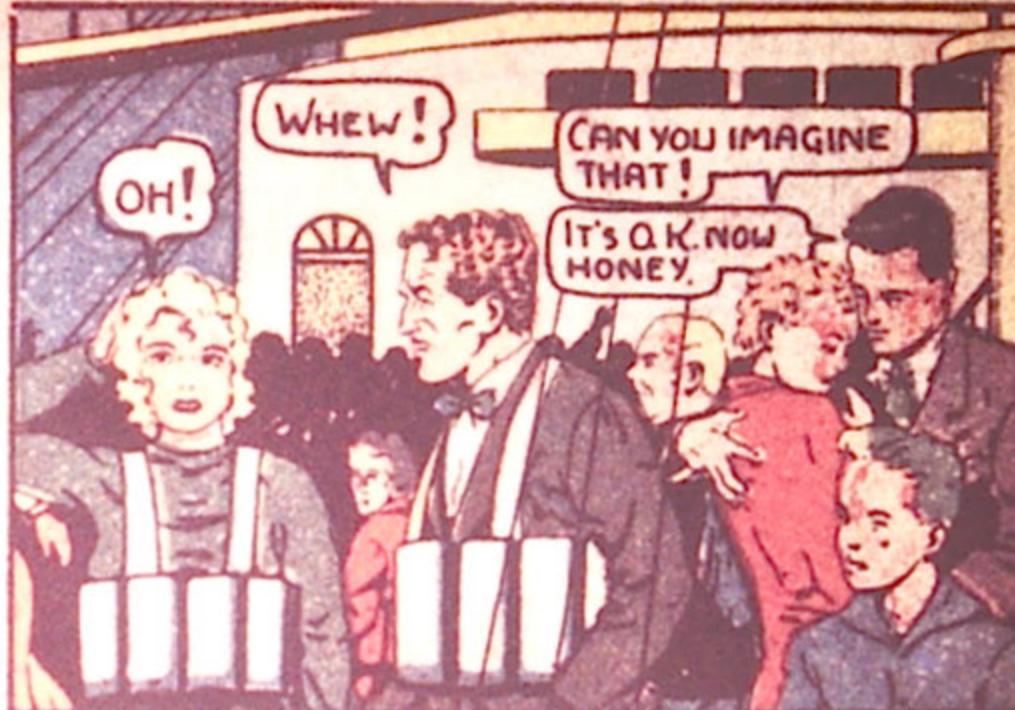
IN THE TURMOIL ON DECK

PAT! - OH PAT BARDEN! - WHERE ARE YOU?



SUDDENLY AN OFFICER APPEARED, MEGAPHONE IN HAND.

PLEASE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! QUIET! -
THERE IS NO FIRE. IT WAS ONLY A FALSE ALARM.
WE REGRET EXCEEDINGLY THE DISTURBANCE IT CAUSED.



IN PAT'S STATEROOM.

CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT?
SOME FOOL, PROBABLY AN
INEBRIATE, TURNED IN THAT
ALARM. WHERE WERE YOU ALL
THE TIME?

I'M NEITHER A FOOL OR
AN INEBRIATE. I TURNED
IN THE ALARM AND I WAS
HERE ALL THE TIME.



YOU! - BUT WHY?



I THOUGHT IF THERE WAS A FIRE ALARM THE FIRST
THING PARSONS WOULD THINK OF WOULD BE THE
DIAMOND AND GO FOR IT.

I WAS RIGHT. AND HE DID
NOT GO TO THE PURSER'S
OFFICE. HE WENT TO HIS
ROOM. THAT'S WHERE
THE REAL DIAMOND IS.
THE OTHER'S ONLY A
DECoy.



MEANWHILE IN THE STATEROOM OF CAULKINS AND
STRAFACCHI.

AND SO WHEN THE FIRE ALARM
RANG I BEAT IT FOR THE PURSER'S
OFFICE THINKING I'D SEE PARSONS
THERE AND THAT MAYBE I COULD
GET THE DIAMOND FROM HIM IN
THE CONFUSION.

YEAH - GOON!



WELL PARSONS DIDN'T SHOW UP,
BUT THAT GUY WHO SPOKE TO HIM AT
DINNER AND THEN INTRODUCED HIM
TO THOSE TWO WOMEN, DID. HE HUNG
AROUND WITH AN ANXIOUS LOOK ON
HIS FACE.

I THOUGHT HE
LOOKED PRETTY
SLICK. WE'VE GOT
TO WATCH HIM OR
HE'LL BE BEATING
US TO THE ROCK.



YEAH, BUT DO YOU GET THIS ANGLE?
IF PARSONS DIDN'T SHOW UP, THAT
MEANS THE DIAMOND IN THE SAFE
DEPOSIT IS A PHONY. HE'S GOT THE
REAL ONE SOME WHERE ELSE.
PROBABLY IN HIS ROOM.

IF YOU'RE
RIGHT, THIS
SHOULD BE EASY.



• AND IN STILL ANOTHER STATEROOM •

NONE OF THE OFFICERS OR CREW KNOW HOW THE
ALARM WAS TURNED IN. SOMEONE IS LAYING A CLEVER
TRAP TO GET HOLD OF THAT DIAMOND AND I'VE GOT TO
FIND OUT WHO.



I'VE A HUNCH THEIR NEXT MOVE WILL BE MADE AT
THE MASQUERADE BALL TO-NIGHT. I'LL HAVE TO KEEP
MY EYES OPEN.



NOW THAT WE'RE PRETTY SURE THE DIAMOND
IS IN PARSONS STATEROOM HERE'S OUR PLAN.
WE'LL PULL IT TO-NIGHT DURING THE MASQUERADE
BALL. NOW GET THIS —



THAT NIGHT AT THE MASQUERADE BALL .

I'LL HAVE A SWEET TIME FINDING PAT IN THIS ZOO.



HI YA PARDNER!
GOT A MATCH?

NO. THEY SEEM TO HAVE
FORGOTTEN TO PUT POCKETS
IN THIS THING.



MY NAMES FREELAND - OF FREELAND, FREELAND AND
HEMMER. THE GREATEST MEN'S CLOTHING
MANUFACTURERS IN NEW YORK!
WHAT'S YOUR LINE PARDNER?

ER -
I'M IN OIL
- IN TEXAS.



OIL, HEY! I USED TO KNOW AN
OIL MAN, NAME OF SMITH. HAPPEN
TO KNOW HIM? HE COMES FROM
OUT YOUR WAY.

NO, I DON'T THINK
SO.

HOW DID I GET
TANGLED UP WITH THIS. HE
MUST HAVE BEEN VACCINATED
WITH A VICTROLA NEEDLE.



WHEN YOU'RE IN THE BIG CITY
SOMETIME AND NEED SOME
NICE CLOTHES LOOK —

PARDON ME, WILL YOU
OLD MAN! THERE'S SOME
ONE I'VE BEEN LOOKING
FOR — OH PAT!



OIL, — OH YEAH!



HEY! YOU ARE
BEAUTIFUL, AREN'T YOU?

HELLO
TARZAN!
WHERE ARE
ALL YOUR
APES?



WHAT IS THIS, A ROMANCE?
YOUR AUNT AND MR. PARSONS
HAVE FOUND A NICE SECLUDED
CORNER AGAIN!

AUNT LAURA IS
QUITE A TALKER
WHEN SHE GETS
AN APPRECIATIVE
EAR.



BRUCE, I HAVE A TERRIFIC HEADACHE. DO YOU MIND
VERY MUCH IF I GOT TO MY ROOM AND LIE DOWN FOR
ABOUT HALF AN HOUR?



I THINK I'LL GO PUT
SOME CLOTHES ON...
I FEEL PRETTY SILLY
IN THIS TRAG.



ONCE IN HER STATE ROOM PAT MOVED QUICKLY.
SHE TOOK OFF HER COSTUME AND PUT ON A MAID'S
UNIFORM AND CHANGED HER HAIRDRESS.



PATRICIA, SUCCESS
OR FAILURE, THIS IS
YOUR LAST JOB!
YOU'RE GOING
STRAIGHT SO
YOU CAN HOLD
UP YOUR HEAD
WITH DECENT
PEOPLE —
I-LIKE-BRUCE.



CROSSING THE HALL SHE OPENED PARSONS' DOOR WITH A SKELETON KEY.



ONCE INSIDE SHE WORKED WITH SPEED AND DEFTNESS. SHE SEARCHED THE ROOM FROM TOP TO BOTTOM BUT SHE COULDN'T LOCATE THE DIAMOND.



IT MUST BE HERE SOMEWHERE. IF LAURA CAN ONLY HOLD ON TO PARSONS UNTIL I FIND IT.



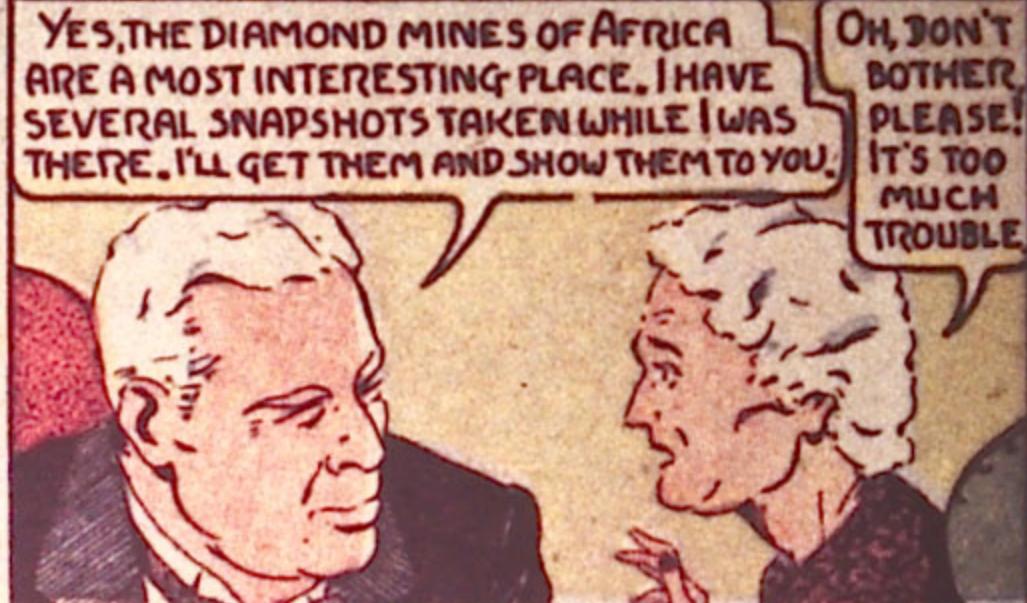
SHE MOVED ALL THE ARTICLES ON THE BUREAU. SHE WAS REPLACING A MILITARY BRUSH WHEN —



SHE REMOVED THE BACK OF THE BRUSH AND THERE CONCEALED INSIDE WAS THE GLITTERING OMAR DIAMOND.



MEANWHILE UP IN THE BALLROOM.



NO TROUBLE AT ALL. YOU'LL GET QUITE A KICK OUT OF THEM.



PAT WAS ADMIRING THE DIAMOND WHEN SHE HEARD HIM INSERT HIS KEY IN THE DOOR.



SHE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO REPLACE IT IN THE BRUSH. SHE TURNED HER BACK ON THE DOOR AND BUSIED HERSELF WITH SOME TOWELS ON TOP OF THE TRUNK, BUT SHE KNEW THE CHANCES OF NOT BEING DETECTED WERE HOPELESS.



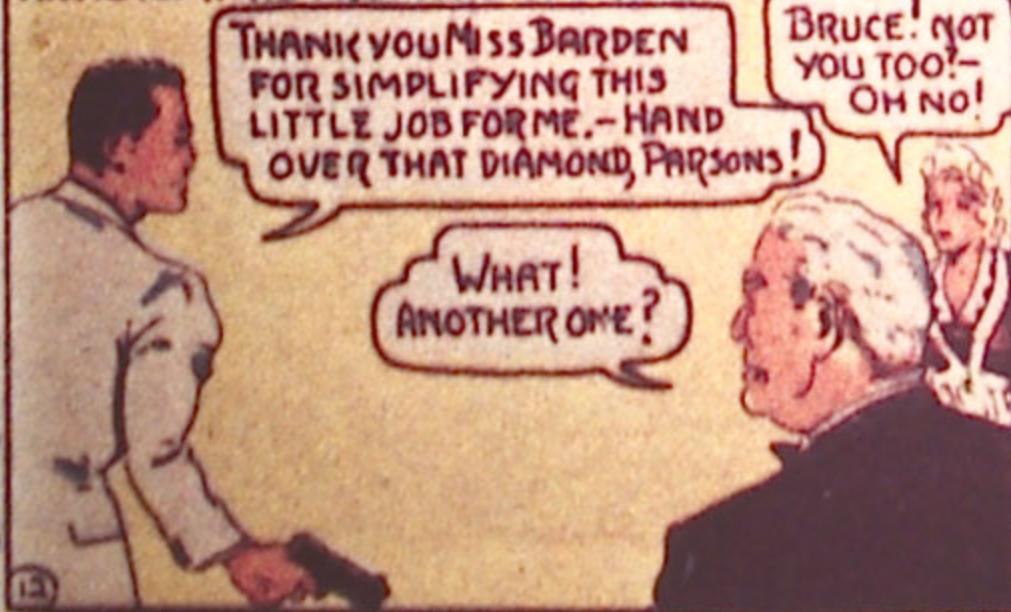
SEEING THE MAID WITH HER BACK TO HIM, HE CROSSED THE ROOM AND GRASPED HER BY THE ARM AND WHIRLED HER AROUND.



WHEN PAT REFUSED, HE TWISTED HER ARM BEHIND HER UNTIL SHE CRIED OUT IN PAIN. THE DIAMOND FELL FROM HER NUMB FINGERS INTO HIS HAND.



HE REALIZED THE SITUATION AT A GLANCE. HE PULLED AN AUTOMATIC FROM HIS POCKET.



HIS EYES TRAVELED IMMEDIATELY TO THE BUREAU. HE SAW THE BRUSH LYING THERE, THE TOP OFF AND THE DIAMOND GONE.



AT THIS MOMENT NELSON WAS PASSING OUTSIDE. HE HEARD THE OUTCRY AND RECOGNIZED PAT'S VOICE. HE SHOVED OPEN THE DOOR AND STEPPED IN.



PARSONS REFUSED, NELSON FIRED. THE DIAMOND BUYER CRUMPLED TO THE FLOOR.



~- CONTINUED ~.

OIL FROM CHINA

By

Paul Dean

STARTLED, the group of men gathered around the table and gazed with mixed feelings of nausea and horror at the object resting on the piece of brown wrapping paper.

"A nasty bit of business!" one of them remarked.

Captain Kent, thin and wiry, rubbed his square jaw and made a wry face. It was more than a nasty bit of business, he thought; it was inhuman, savage and animal-like. But ten years of brilliant and active service in the Harbor Patrol had taught him to expect such occurrences as this.

"So the smuggling racket has popped open again," he exclaimed to Patrolman Higgins standing at his side. "When did you discover this gruesome evidence?"

The evidence he spoke of was a *human arm!*

It had evidently been torn or wrenched from the rest of the body at the elbow. The fist was tightly clenched and though the flesh was discolored, it was apparent that the unfortunate victim must have been either a Malay or an Oriental. He was probably a Chinese.

Higgins cleared his throat. "We found it last night, Captain. We were skirting the piers on the Brooklyn side just south of the Erie Basin when Fred happened to be leaning over the rail and spotted the thing floating by."

"How was the tide running at that time?" Kent asked.

"Coming in. It had been running like that for three hours."

The Captain lit his briar thoughtfully. "Which means that the arm floated up from the direction of lower New York harbor or even from the ocean beyond

Sandy Hook, though I doubt it would come that far undisturbed."

"Then you think the boat the poor chap came from is somewhere down in the lower harbor?" questioned the freckle-faced Higgins.

"It's quite possible," replied Kent. "But the thing that puzzles me most is why the smugglers should pick New York, of all places, to attempt to land their undesirable passengers. They either have plenty of nerve or they have some skillful method of slipping under our noses. But whatever it is we'll soon find out."

LATE that night the Harbor Police tug slipped down past the Statue of Liberty, through the Narrows and out into the lower harbor.

The air was cold and sharp and



Captain Kent paced the deck, the wind whipping smoke and ash from the pipe he gripped in his teeth. His blue eyes peered into the blackness ahead, trying to discern the shadowy bulk of a vessel he knew must be anchored out there.

Five minutes later he saw it. He raised his arm and Higgins rang to the engineer below for a dead stop and the throbbing motors became quiet.

"That must be the one," Kent said, pointing through the gloom at the black outline of a freighter some two hundred yards to their starboard.

Kent ordered one of the small boats to be lowered and he and Higgins and two of the other men clambered in and started pulling towards the vessel.

They took care to dip their oars silently into the water and the little craft glided swiftly through the rolling swells.

Five minutes later they were alongside the freighter. Kent had the men circle the boat in hopes of finding a ladder or a hanging rope, but there was nothing.

"Looks like I'll have to take a chance climbing the anchor chain," whispered Kent. They worked their way noiselessly to the prow to where the glistening chain sank into the watery depths.

Kent motioned to one of the men to hold the dory fast and with unbelievable swiftness he leaped from the small boat and grasping the heavy chain, pulled himself upward.

He reached the top of the slippery metal and paused to listen. Save for the soft lapping of the water below, all was quiet. Five feet above his head was the railing and ten seconds later he stood on the deck of the freighter, alert and ready for whatever might develop.

Silhouetted directly ahead was the super-structure and the bridge. A yellow light gleamed dully through one of the lower port-holes and Kent became aware of the presence of a man on the bridge. The figure paced back and forth in an almost exacting military fashion.

"A lookout," muttered Kent, easing himself behind one of the

tarpaulin covered hatches.

It was then that he noticed the numerous large cylinders lined along the rail on the far side of the deck. He crept over and touched one of them with his hand. He felt cold metal and the pleasing odor of crude oil drifted to his nostrils.

"Oil, eh?" he sniffed. "Since when have these birds taken to a legitimate business? Or maybe we've picked the wrong boat!"

He softly opened the top of one of the large cans and put his hand in and took it out dripping. "It's oil all right."

Kent then struck the side of the metal cylinder with his knuckles and the sound that emitted was deep and hollow and not the kind one would expect to hear from a well-filled can!

"Well, luck must be on my side tonight," he congratulated himself. "So this is how they've been working it!"

He drew his pistol from the holster and slipped quietly along the deck to the steps leading to the bridge. Ascending, he pressed close to the canvas-covered side and waited for the approaching lookout.



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THE BLACK CASE

BY ALGER

WHY GO OUT ON A
NITE LIKE THIS, TOM?



- IN THE WEALTHY
CALEB BLACK'S
HOUSE LIVED,
ALSO, TWO
SERVANTS -
MARIE AND
BENSON -

- IN LONELY OAKHURST LIVED CALEB BLACK AND
HIS ERRANT NEPHEW, TOM
BLACK -

YOU'RE
A FOOL
TO GO
OUT
ON A
NITE
LIKE
THIS
!



I MUST
CALL ON
TH' BOYS

- AGAINST THE
ADVICE OF
CALEB, MARIE
AND BENSON,
TOM SET OUT
ONE STORMY
NITE, SAYING
HE'D CALL
ON SOME
PALS -



TOM'S A ROTTIER - YET
HE'S MY BROTHER'S
BOY, AFTER ALL!



- NO LOVE WAS LOST
BETWEEN CALEB
AND TOM - BUT
CALEB HAD MADE
TOM HIS HEIR -

WHAT A NITE!
WHY WOULD THAT
BOY GO OUT
IN SUCH A
STORM!



IT'S NINE O'CLOCK!
FETCH MY TEA,
MARIE, AND I'LL BE
OFF T' MY ROOM!



AT NINE CALEB TOOK
HIS TEA AND RETIRED
TO HIS ROOM UPSTAIRS



WHAT A RAIN!
IT HAS KEPT UP
STEADILY SINCE
NOON!

— AS USUAL, MARIE
AND BENSON
SAT TALKING
TILL ELEVEN —

YOU'RE SOAKED!
CHANGE CLOTHES
QUICK 'N'
I'LL MAKE
YOU SOME
COFFEE!

— THEN
TOM
CAME
IN —

YOU'RE SOAKED
TO THE SKIN!
NOW, CHANGE
RIGHT AWAY!

MARIE SENT TOM
UPSTAIRS FOR
DRY CLOTHING —

GNITE!

— AT 10:30 CALES HAD
SPOKEN TO MARIE AND
BENSON FROM THE
STAIRHEAD —

MARIE!

— AT 11:05 BENSON,
LOOKING IN ON
CALES, FOUND
HIM MURDERED
!!!

— THE POLICE
WRESTLED IN
MAIN WITH THE
MYSTERY —

— TOM SAID HE CROSSED DOYLE'S
MEADOW AT EIGHT, SPENT THE
EVENING WITH THE MEADE
BOYS, AND THEN CAME
HOME, ARRIVING
AT ELEVEN —



- FOOTPRINTS WERE FOUND SUPPORTING TOM'S STORY -



TOM CALLED ON US AT 8:30 'N LEFT AT 10:30

- THE MEADE Boys SUPPORTED TOM'S STORY -



- THE AUTHORITIES WERE STUMPED, AND SO THEY CALLED FOR THE SERVICES OF HOT-TRAIL HOGAN -

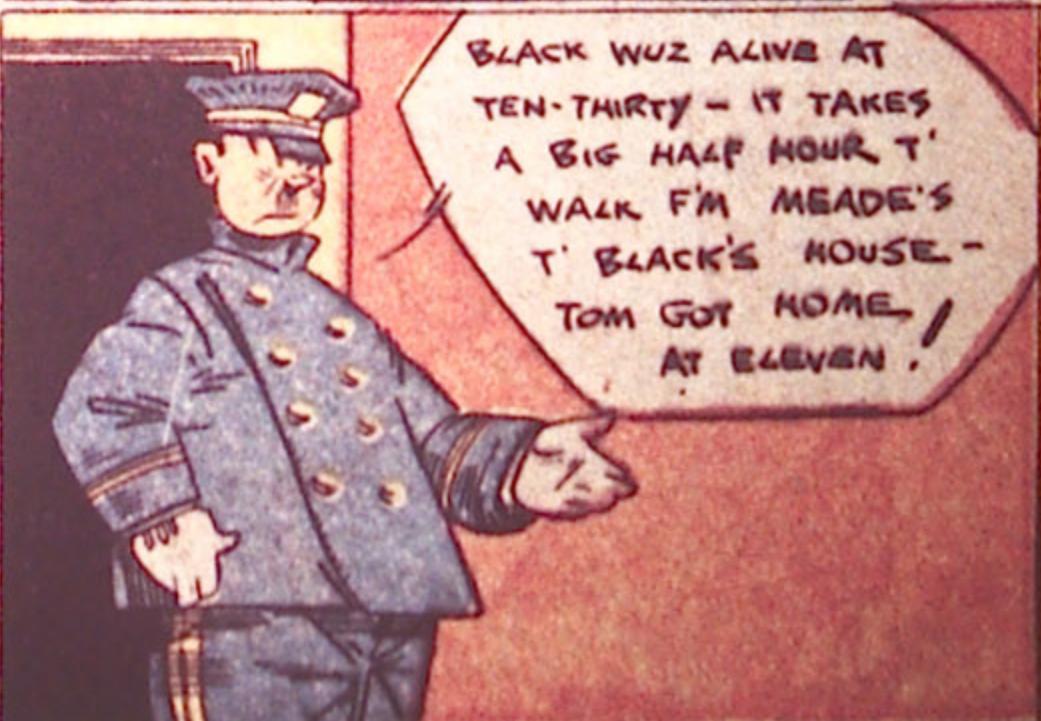


- AND HE EXAMINED THE TRACKS IN THE MEADOW -



I FOUND THE TRACKS VERY, INTERESTING!

TH' TRACKS ARE THERE - GOIN 'N COMIN' - ALL TH WAY BETWEEN BLACK'S 'N MEADE'S N THEY TALLY ABSOLUTELY WITH TOM'S SHOES !



BLACK WUZ ALIVE AT TEN-THIRTY - IT TAKES A BIG HALF HOUR T' WALK F'M MEADE'S T' BLACK'S HOUSE - TOM GOT HOME AT ELEVEN !

THAT'S YOUR VERSION!
HERE'S THE FACTS —
TOM AND THE MEADES
WERE IN THE POWER
OF BLACKMAILERS WHO
HAD BEEN MAKING
DISTURBING THREATS!!

MONEY WAS NEEDED —
THERE SEEMED JUST
ONE WAY TO GET IT!!
AND NOW HERE'S
SOMETHING 'BOUT
THOSE FOOT TRACKS —

THE TRACKS GOING
TO MEADE'S FALL
ON TOP OF THOSE
COMING FROM THERE!

FRANK MEADE,
WEARING TOM BLACK'S
SHOES, CROSSED THE
MEADOW TO BLACK'S
HOUSE AND RETURNED
HOME. HE DIDN'T
MEAN TO MIX HIS
FOOTPRINTS — BUT HE
DID!!

MEANWHILE TOM LEFT HIS
UNCLE'S HOUSE, CLIMBED
BACK INTO HIS ROOM, KILLED
CALES AT TEN-FOURTY, PUT ON
OVERCOAT, HAT ETC, STOOD IN
HIS SHOWER BATH UNTIL
DRENCHED, CLIMBED OUT
AND REAPPEARED TO MARIE
AND BENSON, AS THOUGH
HE'D COME FROM MEADE'S!

You
WIN.
HOGAN!

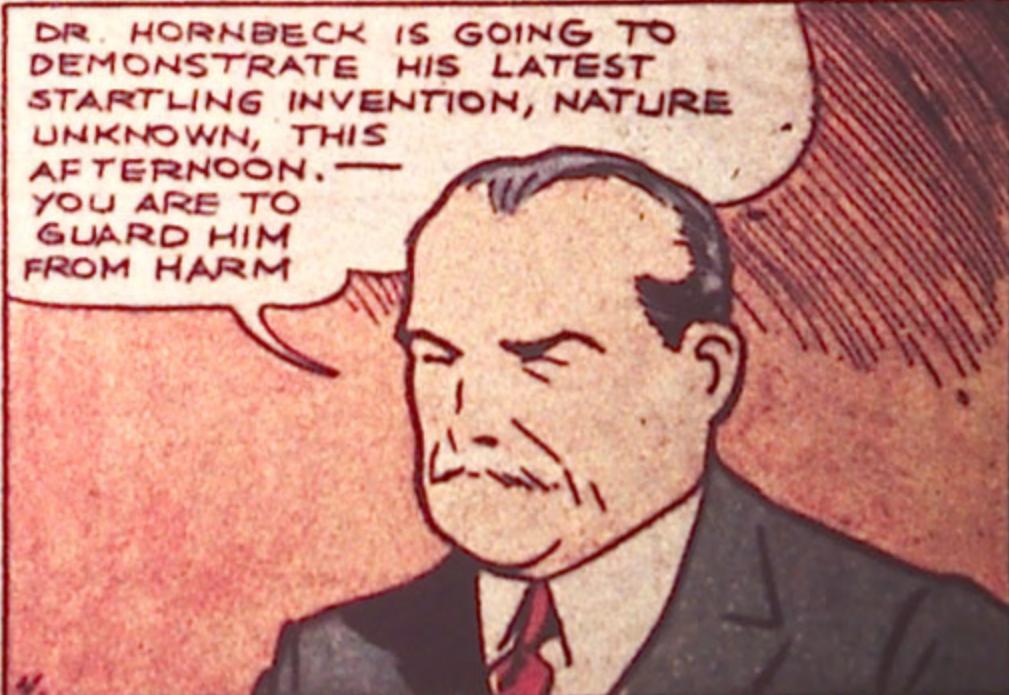
You SHOULD 'A' COME
TO ME FIRST, TOM!!
I COULD 'A' GIVEN YOU
A BETTER FAKE ALIBI
THAN THAT ONE!!

SPY

SIEGEL
and
SHUSTER

AFTER A NUMBER OF EXCITING ADVENTURES IN FRANCE, SALLY AND BART RECEIVE A LONG-EXPECTED CABLE, URGING THEM TO RETURN TO THE U.S.A. AT ONCE.

IMMEDIATELY UPON REACHING WASHINGTON, D.C., THEY REPORT TO THE CHIEF OF THE SECRET SERVICE.



BUT WHEN SALLY AND BART REACH THE DOCTOR'S RESIDENCE, THEY FIND IT SEETHING WITH EXCITEMENT



DR. HORNBECK WAS FOUND MURDERED IN HIS LABORATORY!



BART CORNERS A SERVANT AND FLASHES HIS CREDENTIALS . . .



STEP ON IT, SALLY!
WE'VE GOT PLACES
TO GO!



BUT WHERE
ARE WE
HURRYING
SO FAST?

THAT DESCRIPTION IS UN-
DOUBTEDLY OF BASIL MON-
TAGUE, A NOTORIOUS INTER-
NATIONAL SPY, — WE'RE
HEADED FOR HIS USUAL
HIDE-OUT

ALL THRU THE BITTERLY COLD NIGHT, THEY DASH
AT TOP SPEED, WITHOUT AN INSTANT'S RESPITE

BR-R! I'M FREEZING!
— IF THIS IS A FALSE
ALARM, I'LL NEVER
SPEAK TO YOU
AGAIN!

WHY NOT START
RIGHT NOW?

WHEN MORNING ARRIVES — —

HERE'S OUR DES-
TINATION' — HE'S BEEN
KNOWN TO HIDE-OUT
IN THAT ANCIENT
CASTLE!

WHAT A
QUAINT
PLACE!

WITHIN THE CASTLE — —

CONGRATULATIONS
ON SUCCESSFULLY
STEALING DR. HORN-
BECK'S INVENTION,
MONTAGUE!

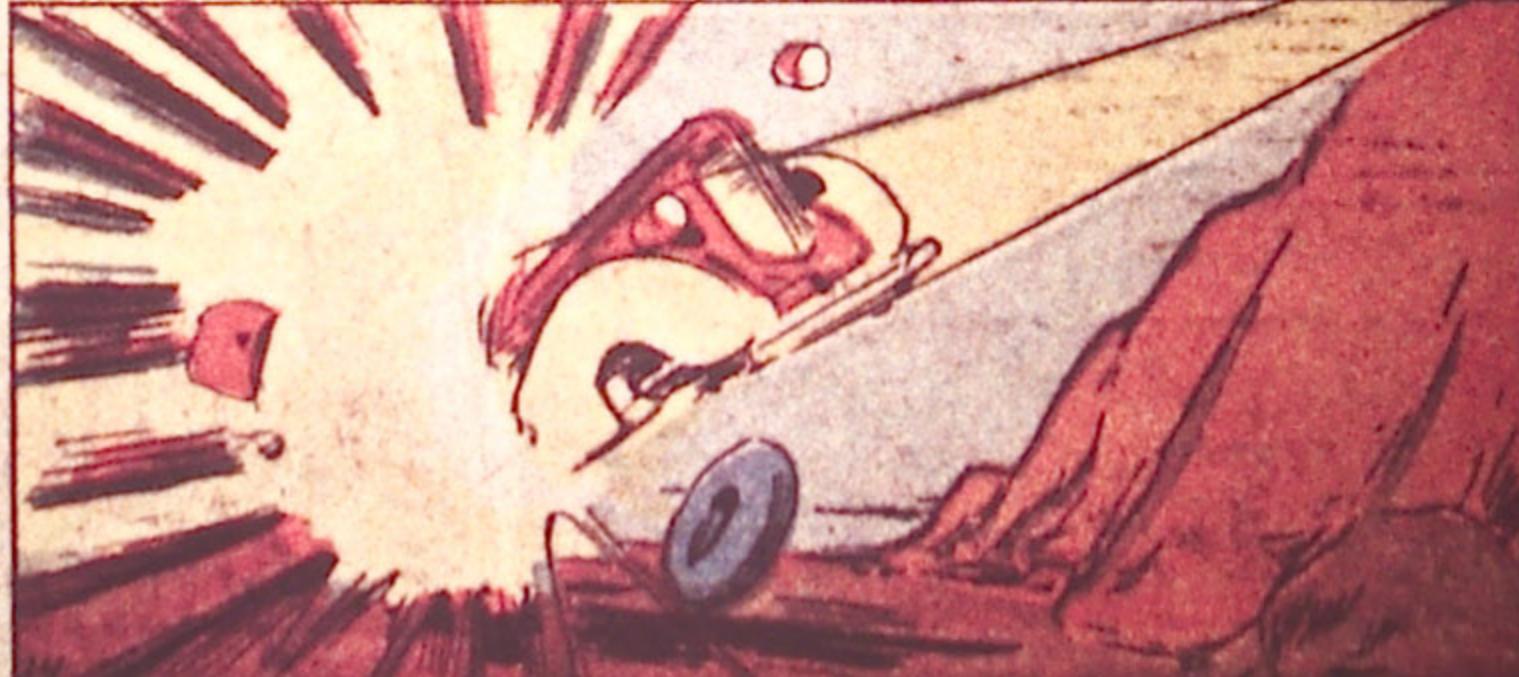
BUT BEFORE WE
START DOING
WE'D LIKE TO
KNOW IF IT
REALLY DOES
ALL YOU CLAIM!

COME! —
I SHALL DEM-
ONSTRATE IT TO
YOUR COMPLETE
SATISFACTION!

YOU SEE THAT AUTO
FAR BELOW? — WATCH
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN
I FOCUS THE
RAY UPON IT!

BART'S CAR
BECOMES EN-
VELOPED IN A
GOLDEN RAY

A FEW INSTANTS
LATER, IT
EXPLODES
TO BITS!



CAN YOU NOW DOUBT THE
TERRIBLE EFFICACY OF THE RAY?
— SEVERAL MOMENTS AFTER
IT STRIKES A GASOLINE MOTOR,
THE METAL BURSTS FROM
THE TERRIFIC MOLECULAR
FRICTION!



THE MOMENT THE GOLDEN RAY STRUCK HIS AUTO, BART HAD LEAPT INTO ACTION . . . 16



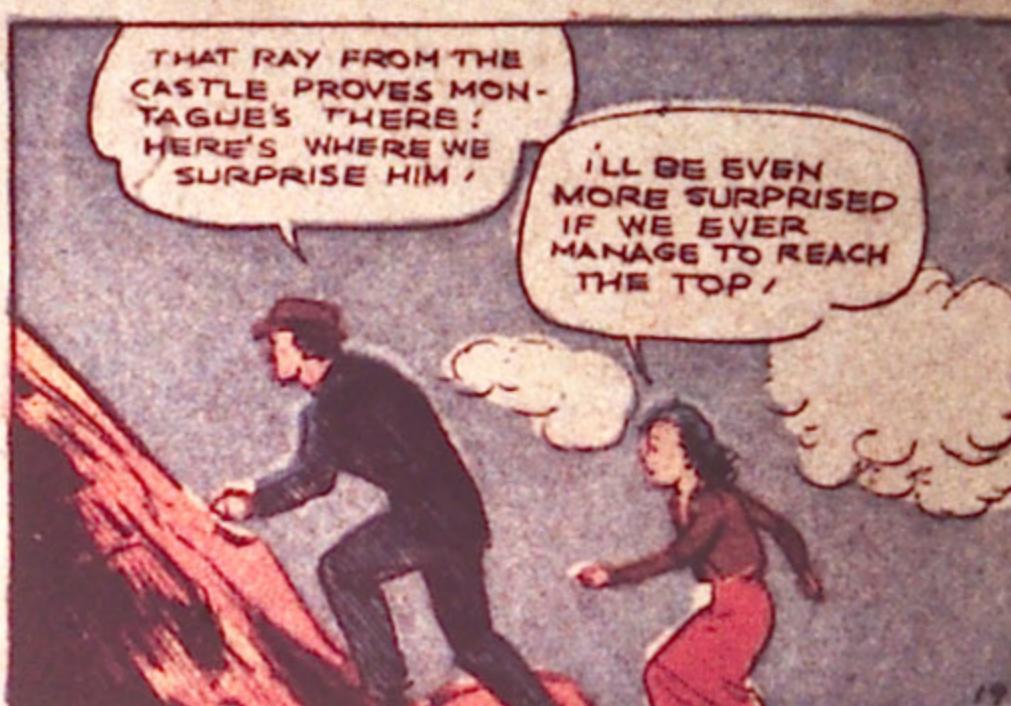
GOLLY! ANOTHER
MOMENT AND WE'D
HAVE BEEN ONLY
MEMORIES!

17



THAT RAY FROM THE
CASTLE PROVES MON-
TAGUE'S THERE!
HERE'S WHERE WE
SURPRISE HIM!

I'LL BE EVEN
MORE SURPRISED
IF WE EVER
MANAGE TO REACH
THE TOP!



WHY COULDN'T HE
HAVE HIDDEN-OUT
IN A VALLEY
INSTEAD OF AT
THE TOP OF A
CLIFF?

QUIT COM-
PLAININ'!



AT LENGTH OUR INTREPID FRIENDS REACH THE
CASTLE. FINDING THE GATE INVITINGLY OPEN,
THEY TIP-TOE IN.

NOW I KNOW HOW THE
MOUSE FELT WHEN HE
WALKED INTO THE
LION'S DEN.

SH-HH!



GENTLEMEN,
I AWAIT YOUR
BIDS!

IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, SALLY AND BART
LOCATE MONTAGUE

WHAT CHANCE WOULD
WE HAVE AGAINST
THEM? — WE'RE
OUTNUMBERED.

IN THAT CASE,
THE SITUATION
CALLS FOR
STRATEGY!

SUDDENLY A SHOT RINGS OUT! —
THE RAY-GUN -- THE BULLET'S TARGET--
CRASHES IN DISCORD!

CRASH

MONTAGUE WHIRLS ON ONE OF THE
BIDDERS . . .

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOUR GAME IS.
BUT YOU WON'T GET
AWAY WITH IT!

I DIDN'T—
YA-A-A!

GOSH! THEY'RE
SLAUGHTERING THEM-
SELVES! -- AND YOU'RE
THE ONE WHO FIRED
THAT SHOT!

I KNEW IT
WOULDN'T TAKE
MUCH TO FLING
THOSE WOLVES AT
EACH OTHERS
THROATS!

WHEN MONTAGUE ALONE REMAINS, BART
CONFRONTS HIM . . .

PUT DOWN
THAT GUN!

YOU —!
I'LL KILL YOU
WITH MY BARE
HANDS!

BART NEATLY SIDE-STEPS, AND MONTAGUE
PLUNGES THRU AN OPEN WINDOW . . .

WELL, I GUESS
THAT FINISHES
THE CASE --

-- AND
HIM!

THE END

HOT TRAIL HOGAN

BY ALGER

THE DE PUYSTERS' PARTY COMES OFF TONITE! THE SWELLEST OF THE SEASON!

SNUGGINS, HERE'S A SOCIETY ITEM THAT MEANS TROUBLE!

YEAH?

A VERY CLEVER PAIR OF EYES HAVE BIN ON THAT STONE FOR SOME TIME!

SO WHAT?
MRS. VAN SITTERT WILL BE THERE, WEARING THE FAMOUS BOMBAY RUBY!

ADMISSION IS BY A VERY SPECIAL CARD WHICH CANNOT BE FADED! TWO OF MY MEN WILL EXAMINE EACH CARD CLOSELY!

OH YEAH?



YOU MEN WATCH TH' GROUNDS-
I'LL SEND TWO OFFICERS
LATER FOR DUTY AT
THE DOOR!

OKAY!

OKAY!

NO LOITERING OUTSIDE
THESE GROUNDS!

HAVE
YOU SEEN
THE
RUBY
?

YES! IT'S
A HOKEY!

WHAT
A
JEWEL!

GORGEOUS!

SUCH FUSS!

SORRY! IT'S
ORDERS!

WHAT A MOB!
THERE MUST BE
A HUNDRED
HERE!

WHERE'S MR.
DE PUYSER?

IN TH' BLUE
ROOM, I THINK!

IT'S HAPPENED!
THE RUBY'S BIN
STOLEN!

IT WAS TORN FROM MY
NECK DURING THE
MOONLIGHT
WALTZ!
I COULDN'T
SEE WHO DID
IT

YOU WERE WISE TO KEEP
QUIET! NOW BE COOL
AND LEAVE
THIS TO ME!

DEAR
DEAR
DEAR!

EVERY CARD HAD
TH' WATERMARK -
AND EVERYONE
GAVE US TH'
SECRET
PASSWORD!

THE THIEF CAN'T
ESCAPE! WE'LL
HAVE THE OUTSIDE
MEN CLOSE IN
ON TH' HOUSE! 'N'
WE'LL REPORT
TO HEADQUARTERS

YOU'LL REPORT TO
HEADQUARTERS ALL
RIGHT. BUT FIRST
I'LL TROUBLE YOU
FOR THAT
RUBY!

HOGAN!

WE'RE SUNK!

PRETTY BAUBLE,
AIN'T IT?

THEY ADMITTED
RALPH THE RAT,
WHO SEIZED THE
JEWEL, SLIPPING
IT TO THEM ON HIS
WAY OUT!

THE OFFICERS DETAILED
TO DOOR DUTY WERE
CAPTURED ON THE
WAY HERE AND THE
TWO PHONIES TOOK
THEIR PLACE!

THE TWO REAL COPS
WERE FOUND TIED UP
IN A DESERTED HOUSE
ON PEACHTREE ROAD!
THE PHONIES EXPECTED
TO GET AWAY IN A CAR
BEFORE THE FACTS
REACHED DR.
PUYSTER'S!

NEAT
WORK,
HOGAN!

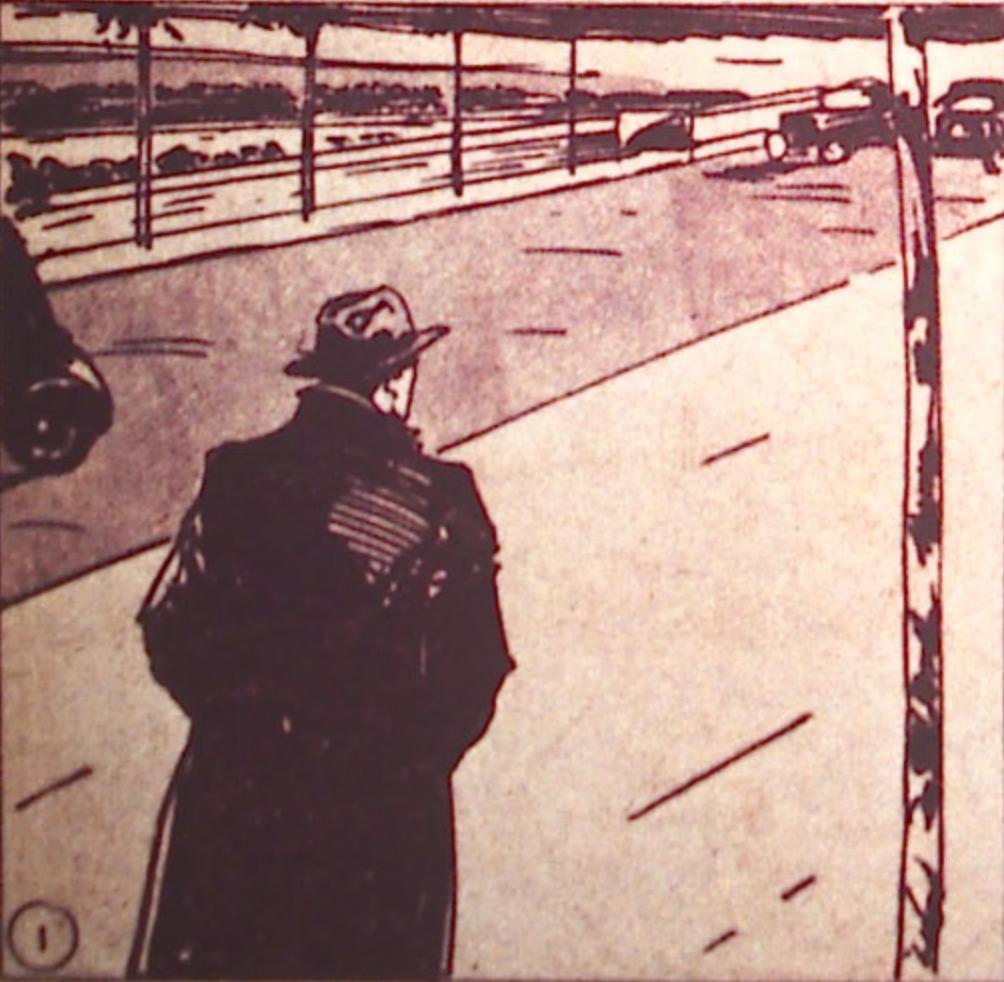
I'LL SEE
THAT YOU'RE
PROPERLY
REWARDED!

COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

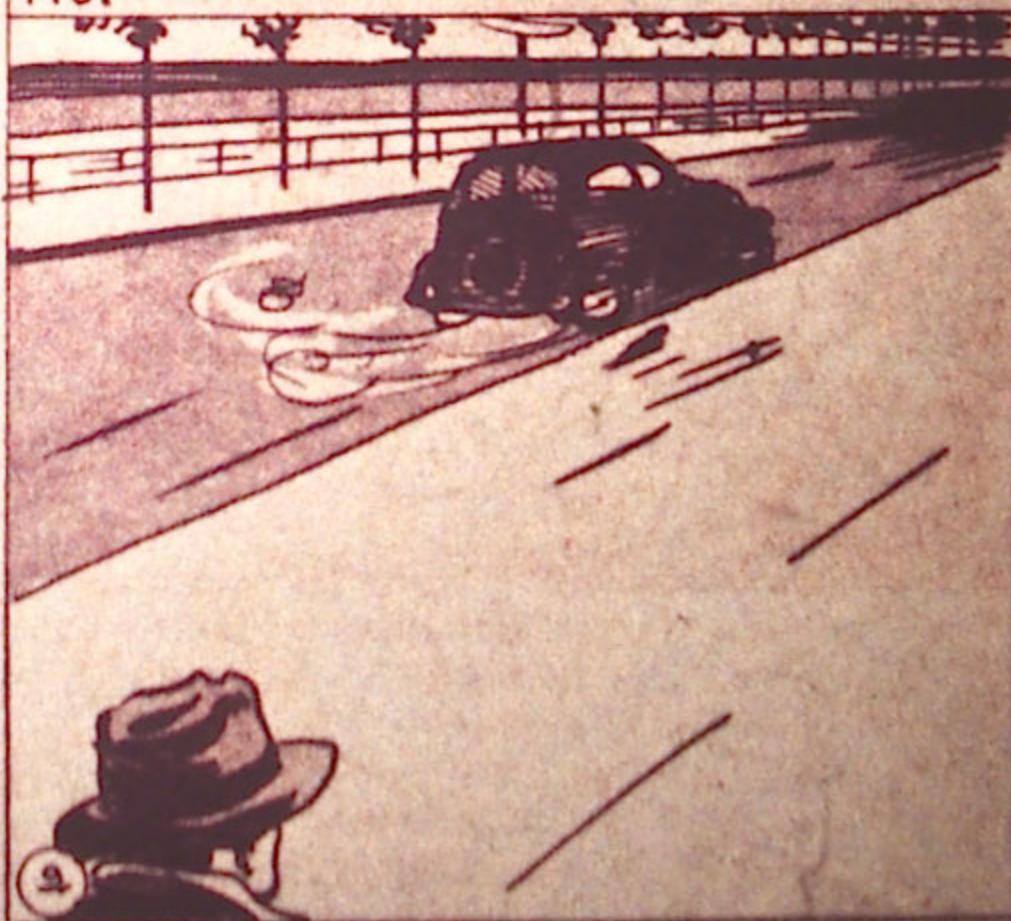
ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVÉN



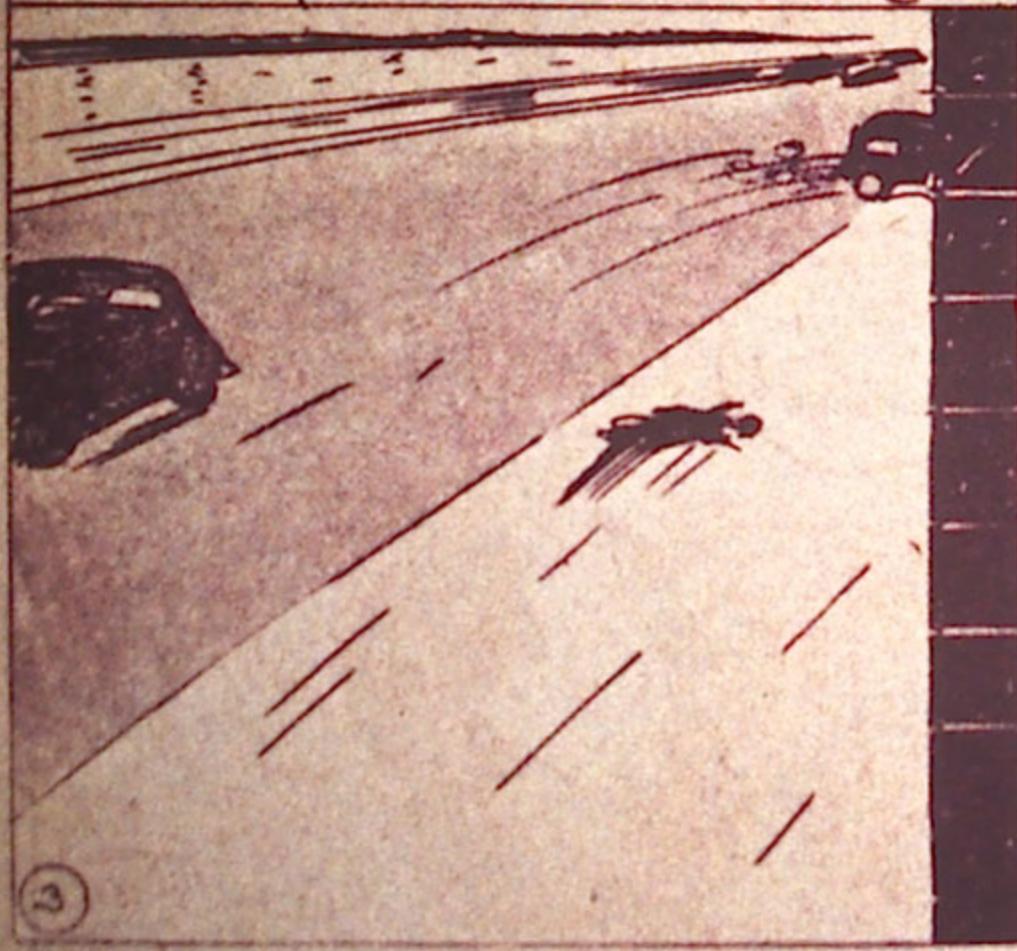
IT IS DUSK. COSMO IS WALKING ALONG RIVERSIDE DRIVE IN UPPER NEW YORK.



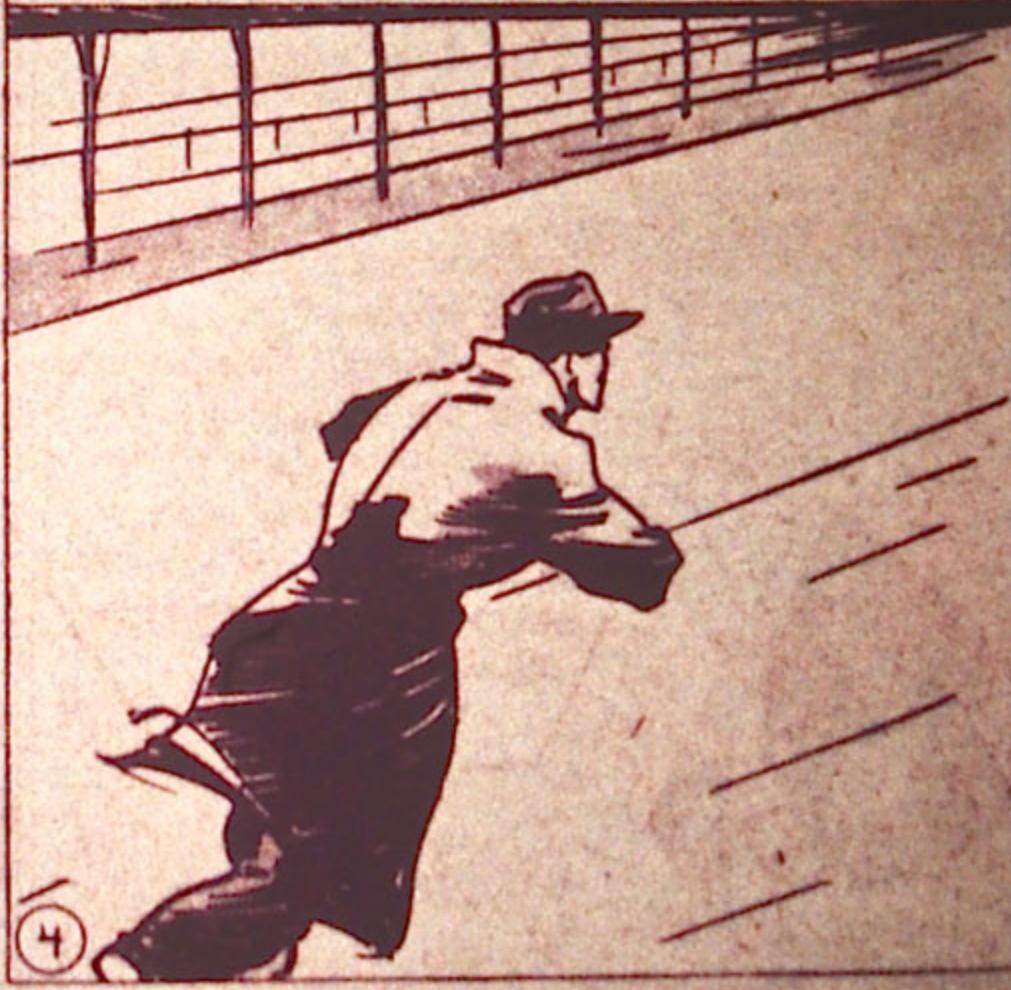
SUDDENLY A BLACK SEDAN WHIZZES BY AND WITH SCREECHING BRAKES PULLS UP TO THE CURB FIFTY YARDS AHEAD OF COSMO.

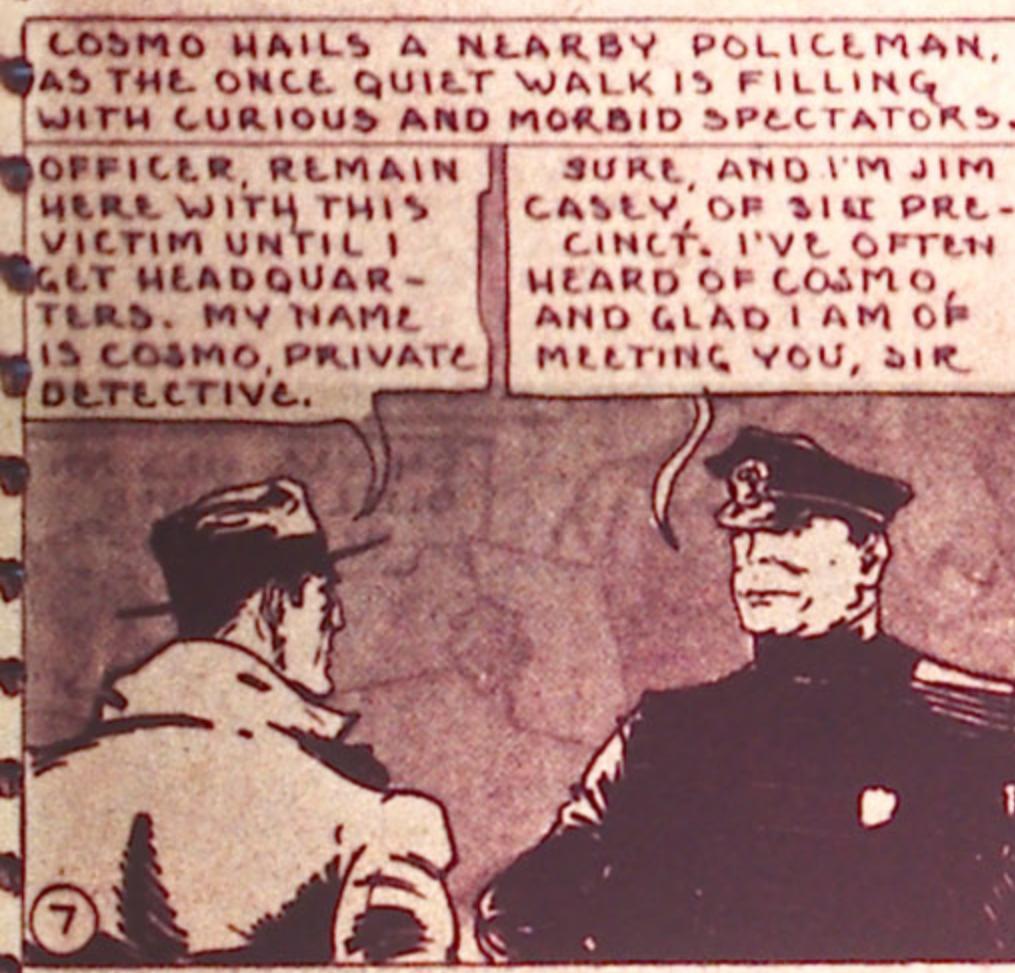
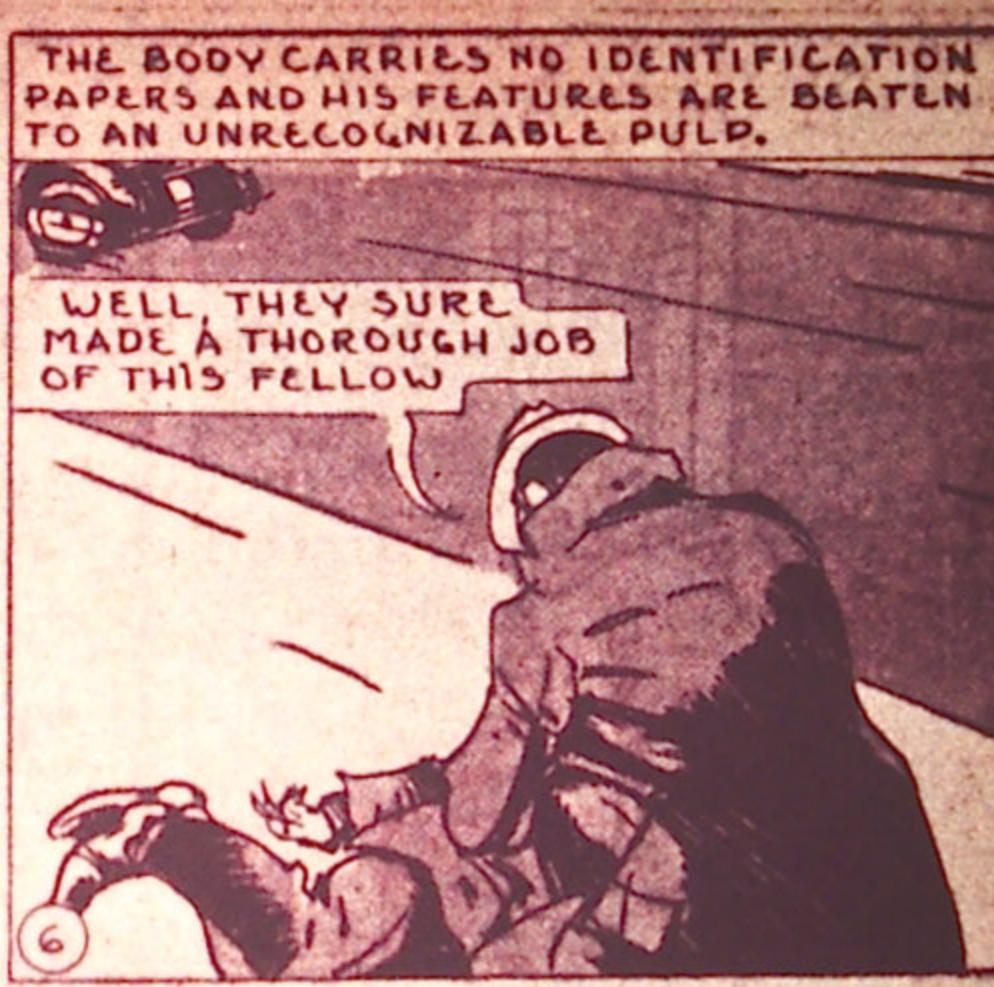


A DARK OBJECT IS TOSSED OUT ON THE SIDEWALK AND THE CAR LEAPS ON, DISAPPEARING AROUND THE CORNER.



COSMO RACES TOWARD THE OBJECT LYING ON THE PAVEMENT.

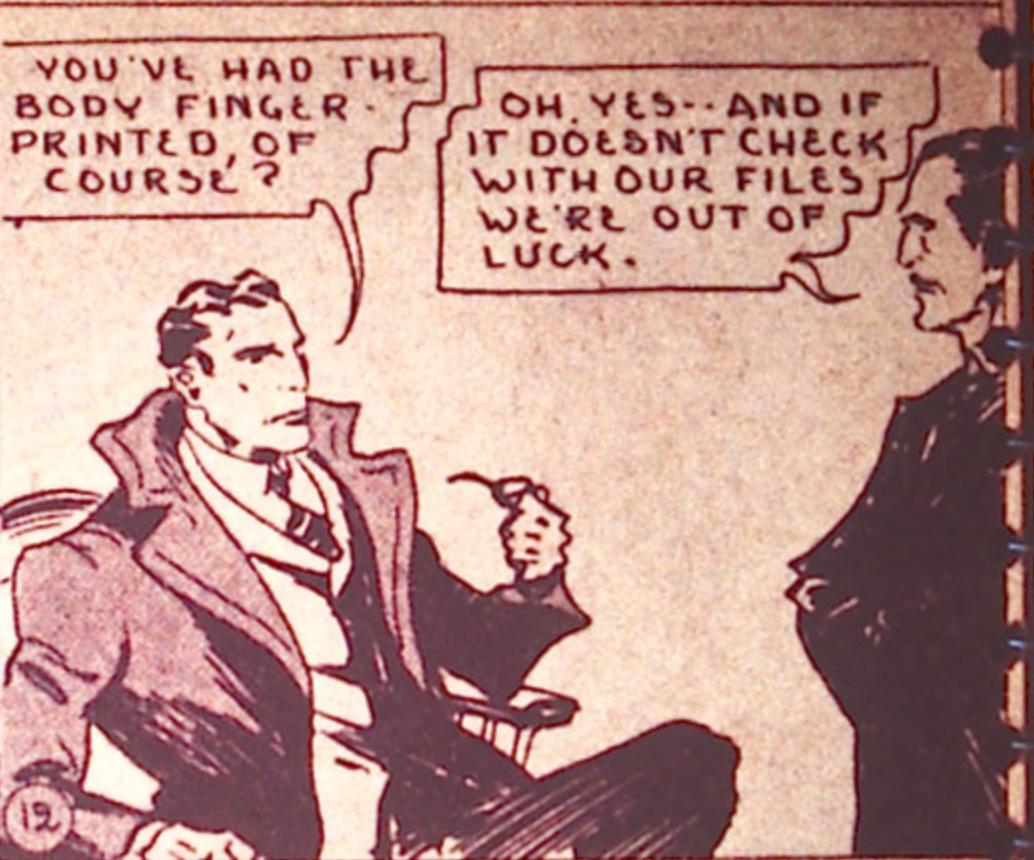




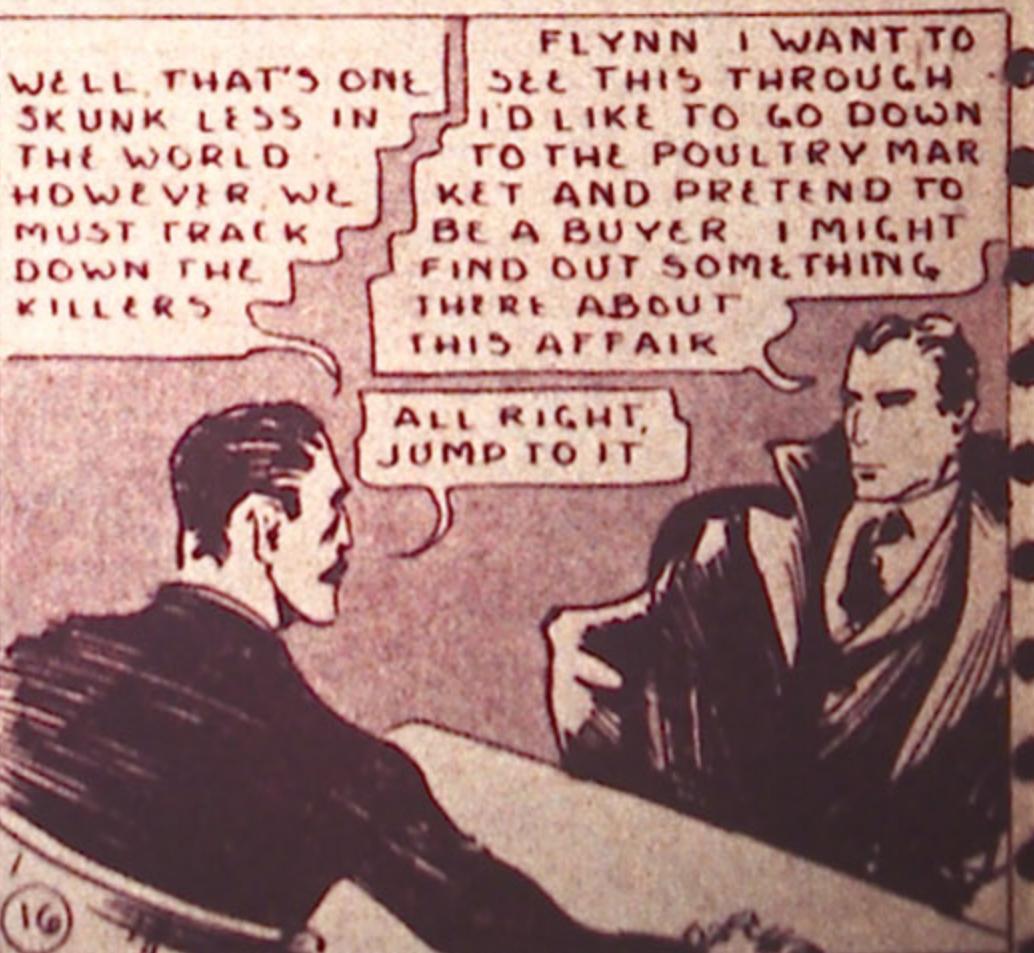
YIELDING NO CLUE THE BODY IS REMOVED TO THE MORGUE.



BACK AT HEADQUARTERS COSMO AND FLYNN DISCUSS THE CASE.



IN THE FILE-ROOM THE FINGER-PRINT RECORDS ARE CAREFULLY STUDIED.



NEXT DAY COSMO APPEARS AT THE MARKET COMPLETELY DISGUISED AS A POULTRY BUYER.



AS HE ASKS THE PRICES OF VARIOUS POULTRY HE IS APPROACHED BY TWO BURLY-LOOKING MEN.



COSMO FEIGNS FRIGHT AND AGREES TO THEIR DEMANDS.



HE CASUALLY MINGLES AND TALKS WITH THE OTHER MEN, CAREFULLY NOTING EVERY THING THAT HE SEES AND HEARS.



NOW, LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING, MISTER -- YOU BUY OUR POULTRY -- AND AT OUR PRICE - OR YOU'LL GET YOUR HEAD CRACKED OPEN -- SEE? NOW, YOU DON'T WANT THAT TO HAPPEN TO YOU, DO YOU, MISTER?



COSMO THEN PLACES AN ORDER TO A FICTITIOUS PLACE AND UNDER A FALSE NAME.



FROM THE MEN ON THE MARKET COSMO LEARNS WHO THE RACKETEERS ARE.

I WOULDN'T CROSS THOSE FELLOWS, SIR, IF I WERE YOU. THEY MEAN BUSINESS EVERY TIME AND THEY DON'T STOP AT ANYTHING.

THANKS FOR YOUR TIP, MY FRIEND.



COSMO IS BACK AT HEADQUARTERS WITH CAPTAIN FLYNN.

WELL, FLYNN, I GUESS I'VE FOUND THE BOYS WE'RE LOOKING FOR. THEY THINK THEY'VE SOLD ME 100 CRATES OF CHICKENS.

HM - I GUESS THEY'LL FIND MORE THAN THEY'VE BARGAINED FOR, COSMO.



THEY PLAN A RAID OF THE RACKETEERS.

O.K. FLYNN, I'LL BORROW THESE PHOTOS OF LITTLE BUTCH--WE'LL SEE IF I CAN GET AWAY WITH MY MAKE UP AS HIM.

GOOD--AND I'LL BE DOWN THERE IN HIDING WITH MY MEN.



COSMO, DISGUISED AS LITTLE BUTCH, THE MURDERED MAN, RETURNS TO THE POULTRY MARKET.



HEY--JOE, LOOK! THAT LOOKS LIKE LITTLE BUTCH--

WELL--WH-- WHAT--?? IT IS BUTCH



COSMO, AS LITTLE BUTCH, ENTERS THE OFFICE OF THE GANGSTERS.

WELL, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU MUGS--YOU DON'T SEEM VERY PLEASED TO SEE ME ANY MORE?

WHY--W--WHY, YOU'RE DEAD--WE KILLED YOU.



TOO BAD, JOE - BUT IT DIDN'T
SEEM TO DO ANY GOOD.



G-G-GET AWAY FROM
ME--YOU--

SA-A-AY- WHAT
IS THIS
ANYHOW??



ONE OF THE MUSCLE-MEN REACHES FOR
HIS GUN BUT COSMO BEATS HIM TO IT---

WITH A CRASHING CLIP TO THE JAW AND
A SECOND TO THE OTHER GANGSTER.

THIS TIME, BUTCH,
YOU'LL STAY DEAD,
OR, BY---

OR WHAT?



THIS IS YOUR LAST
JOB, YOU CHEAP
BUMS---



FLYNN AND HIS SQUAD STEP OUT FROM
BEHIND A STACK OF CRATES AND HAND-
CUFF THE HOODLUMS.

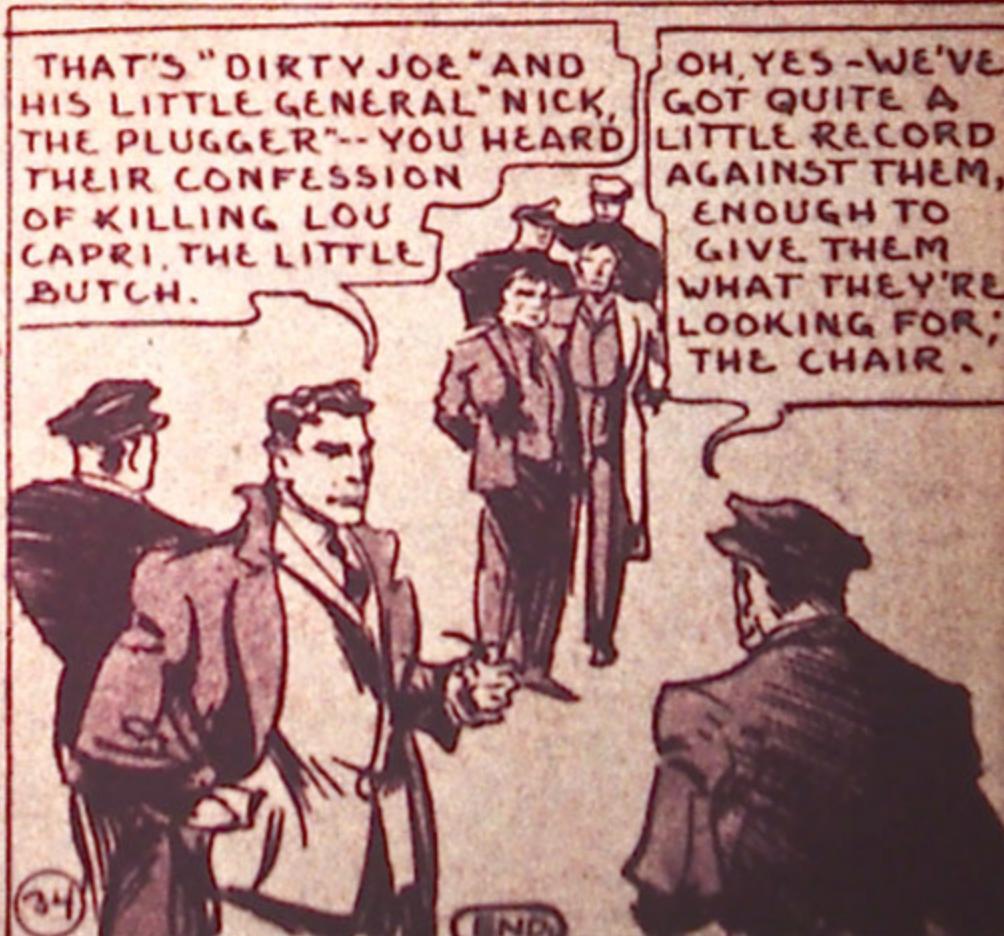
GOOD WORK, COSMO,
WE HAD THEM COVERED,
SO THEY WOULDN'T HAVE
DONE MUCH SHOOTING

THEY SURE
WON'T DO MUCH
NOW ANY MORE,
FLYNN.



THAT'S "DIRTY JOE" AND
HIS LITTLE GENERAL "NICK,
THE PLUGGER"-- YOU HEARD
THEIR CONFESSION
OF KILLING LOU
CAPRI, THE LITTLE
BUTCH.

OH, YES -WE'VE
GOT QUITE A
LITTLE RECORD
AGAINST THEM,
ENOUGH TO
GIVE THEM
WHAT THEY'RE
LOOKING FOR;
THE CHAIR.



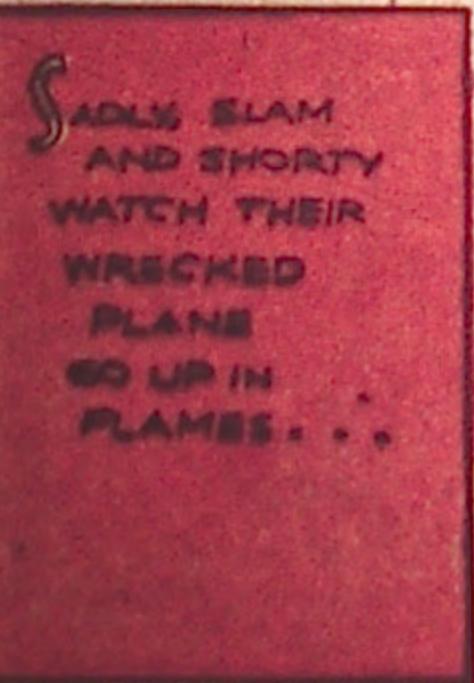
CLAW BRADLEY

JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER

HEY!
WOTTA WE
DO NOW?

--PRAY,
Y'DIZZY DOPE!—
THEN JUMP!

HIGH ABOVE THE ICY DESOLATION THAT IS THE ARCTIC CIRCLE STREAKS A SLENDER AIRPLANE WITH ITS TWO NUMB PASSENGERS. FOR HOURS IT HAS BATTLED THRU SLEET AND BLIZZARD -- BUT ABRUPTLY, THE MOTOR COUGHS OMINOUSLY, STILLS COMPLETELY... **DOWN TOWARD THE FROZEN EARTH ZOOMS THE DOOMED PLANE!**



MILES FROM CIVILIZATION!
—MAROONED! —SLAM!
WE GOTTA DO SUMPIN,
OR WE'LL **FREEZE
TO DEATH!**

BEFORE YOU BURST
A LUNG SHOUTING,
TAKE A GOOD LOOK
BEHIND YOU!

HUH?

FAINTLY VISIBLE IN THE DISTANCE IS
A SMALL SETTLEMENT



THAT MUST BE
STORMHAVEN, OUR
ORIGINAL DESTINATION!
— **LET'S GET GOING!**

I DON'T
NEED ANY
URGING, PAL!

IF YOU WASN'T SUCH A
SUCKER FOR TH' DAMES,
WE WOULDN'T BE
STRANDED UP HERE
IN THIS FORSAKEN
COUNTRY!

YOU SHOULD TALK!
THE INSTANT YOU LAID
EYES ON LUCY TRENT
YOUR VOCABULARY
BECAME LIMITED TO
ONE WORD: YES.



I DON'T KNOW YET,
EXACTLY HOW IT
HAPPENED. ONE
MOMENT WE WERE
LOOKING INTO HER
BEAUTIFUL, TROUBLED
EYES --

-- AND THE NEXT THING
WE KNEW WE FOUND
OURSELVES NEAR THE
NORTH POLE, FLYING IN
SEARCH OF HER BROTHER
WHO'D WRITTEN SAYING
HE'D FOUND A VALUABLE
COAL-MINE, THEN DIS-
APPEARED

13

14

WHEN SLAM
AND SHORTY
REACH
THE
SETTLEMENT...

PALOON

WHAT TH'—!
WHERE'D YOU
FELLOWS COME
FROM?

SUPP

NEVER MIND
—JUST TELL US
WHERE WE CAN
FIND JACK TRENT.

GENERAL S



15

FOR APPARENTLY
NO REASON
AT ALL, THEIR
QUESTIONER
WHIRLS AND
BRANTICALLY
DASHES
OFF . . .



BUT WHEN THEY STOP ANOTHER CITIZEN,
THE SAME THING HAPPENS AGAIN . . .

THERE'S A GUY
NAMED JACK TRENT
THAT WE'D . . .
GOLLY, LOOK AT
HIM RUN!

OF ALL TH'
SCREWDY, DAFFY
PLACES, THIS
TOWN IS TH'
NUTTIEST!

I'M TIRED OF PLAYIN'
AROUND' — THE NEXT
BOZO WE BUMP INTO
TALKS!

LEGOO!
WHATSA IDEA?

I'M GONNA ASK YOU A
SIMPLE QUESTION, AN'
IF YOU DON'T ANSWER
YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF
MINUS A COUPLE
TEETH!

WHERE'S
JACK TRENT?

JACK TRENT!! — IF YA
WANTA STAY HEALTHY,
MISTER, DON'T MENTION
THAT NAME AROUND
THIS TOWN!

THE STRANGER TEARS HIMSELF FREE FROM
THE STARTLED SLAM, AND LIKE THE OTHERS,
SCOOTS OFF . . .

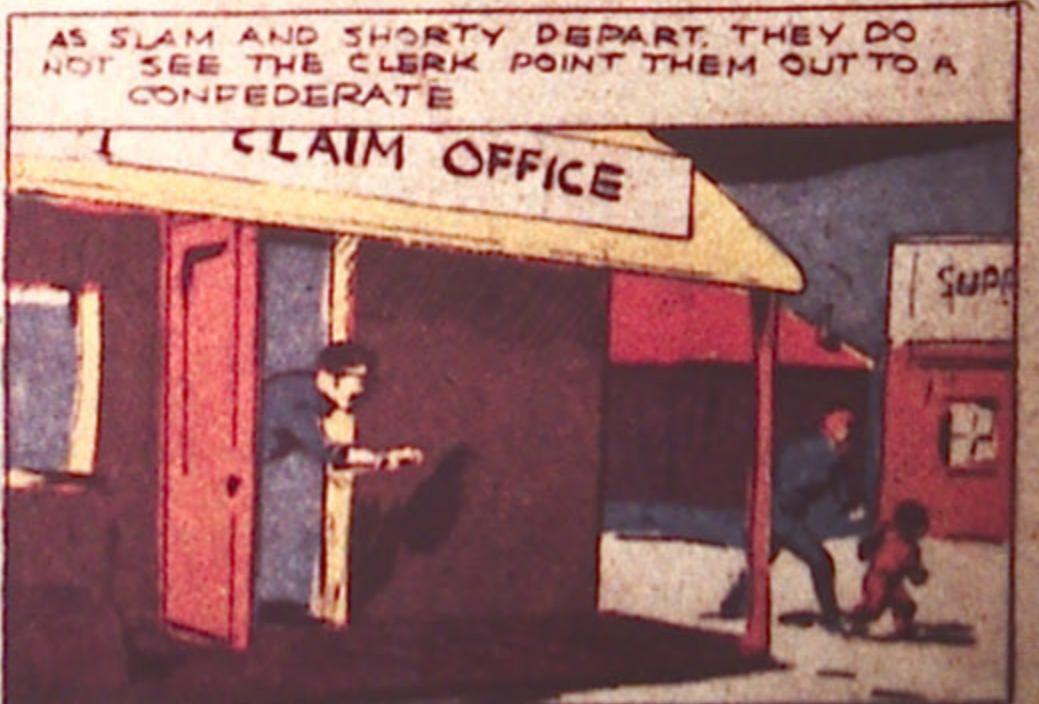
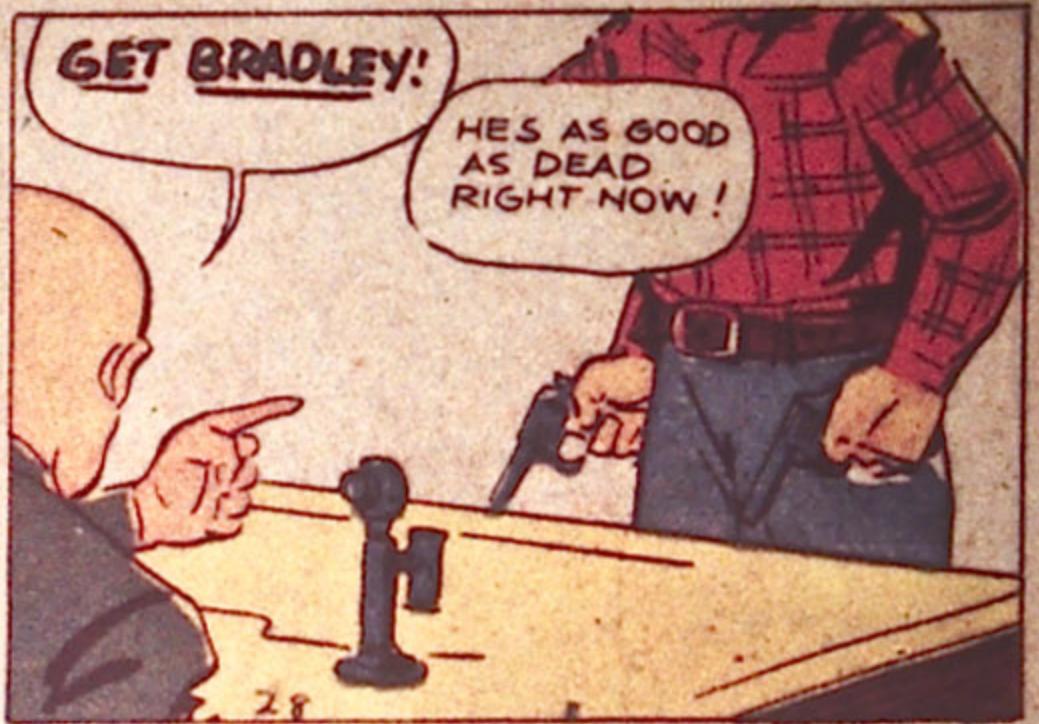
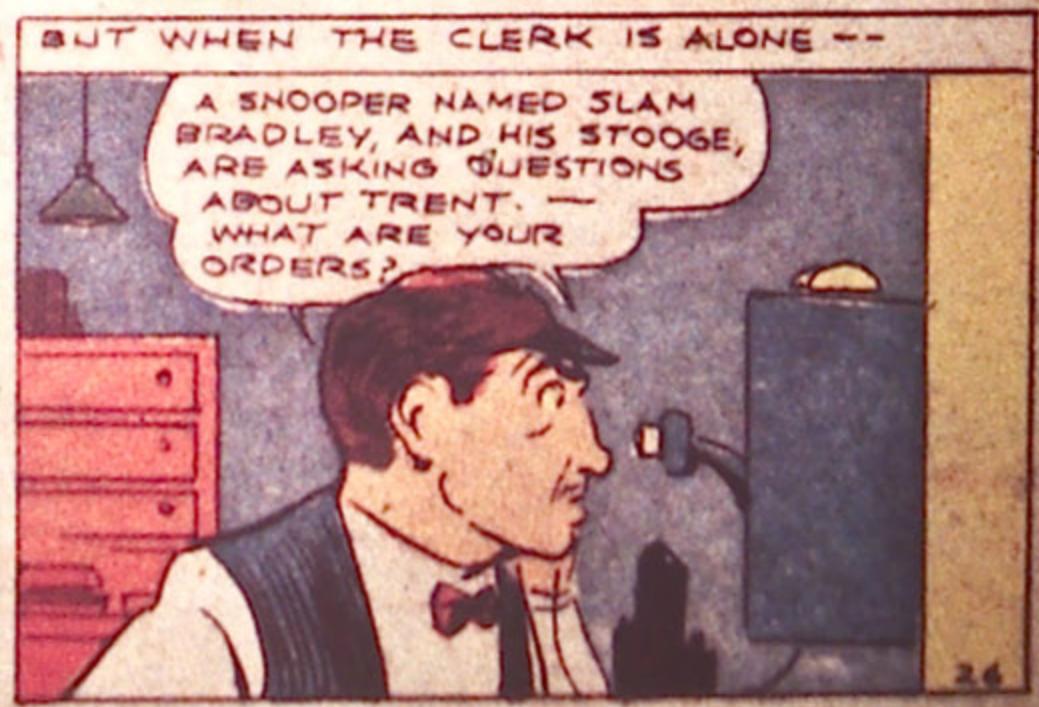
FOLLOW ME! — THERE'S
AT LEAST ONE PLACE
HERS WHERE WE
DEFINITELY CAN GET
THE INFORMATION
WE WANT! . . .

. . . THE OFFICE
WHERE MINE-CLAIMS
ARE REGISTERED!

CLAIM OFFICE

SURE!
IT'LL BE A
CINCH!

BUT — WILL — IT — . . .



SOONER DOES THE CLERK SIGNAL, THEN
A BULKY, KEEN-EYED FIGURE ACROSS THE
STREET, GOES INTO ACTION!



I'LL MURDER YA!
— I'LL TEAR YA
APART!



—WHEN?



THIS IS TH' NECK-
LOCK... GUARANTEED
T'BREAK TH' SPINAL
CORD!



AND THIS IS THE
SHOULDER-THROW
... GUARANTEED
TO BREAK THE
NECK-LOCK!



I'LL—!

OH, NO YOU WON'T!
I WILL!



SLAM HAULS THE WEAKENED "MUSCLES"
TO HIS FEET . . .

YOU'RE NOT WORTH
KEEPING ON MY
HANDS, SO I'LL
CHECK YOU!



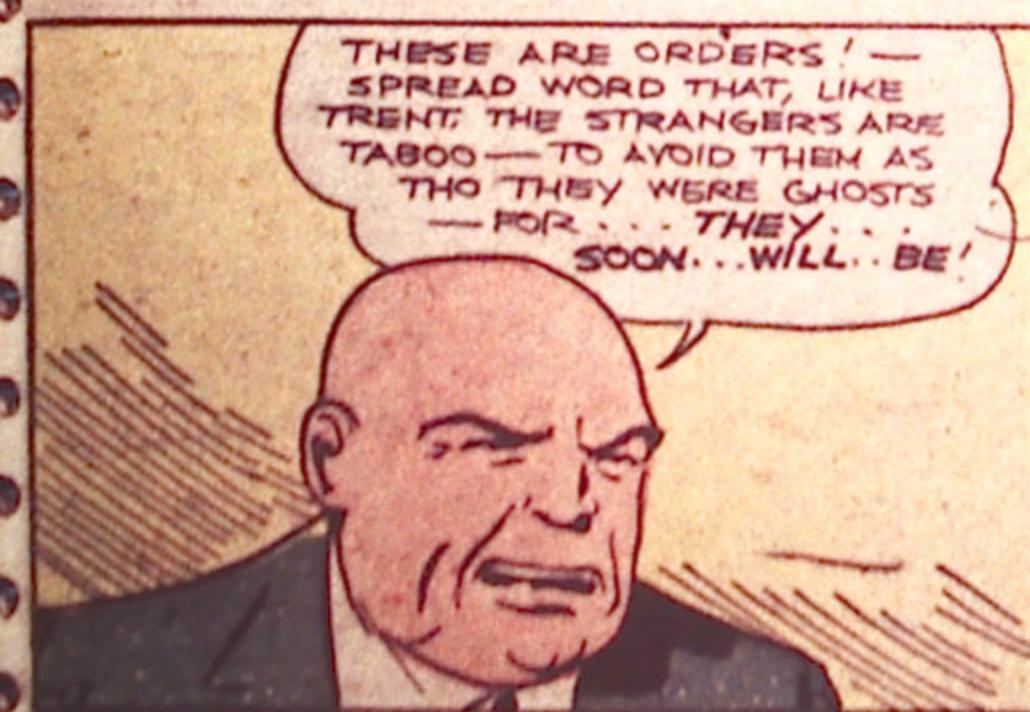
SO LONG! — I'D
SING YOU A LULLABY,
ONLY YOU'VE BEEN
A VERY BAD BOY!

GET TOUGH
WITH US.
WILL YA?

I'LL GETCHA
BOTH FER
THIS!!

FROM NOW ON
YER NAME IS
"MUSCLE-
BOUND"?





SEVERAL HOURS LATER . . .

'—PUFF! PUFF'—)
BOY! THIS IS
NO PICNIC!

WHAT'S
WRONG,
KILO?

LOOK!

BLIZZARD
COME! —
VER' BAD!

WE'LL FIGHT THRU
IT' — BUT WE MUST
TAKE CARE TO
NOT GET
SEPARATED!



THE BLIZZARD DESCENDS -- A HOWLING,
BLINDING FURY . . . !



HERE! — IN
THIS SNOW-DRIFT!
—HA-ALP!



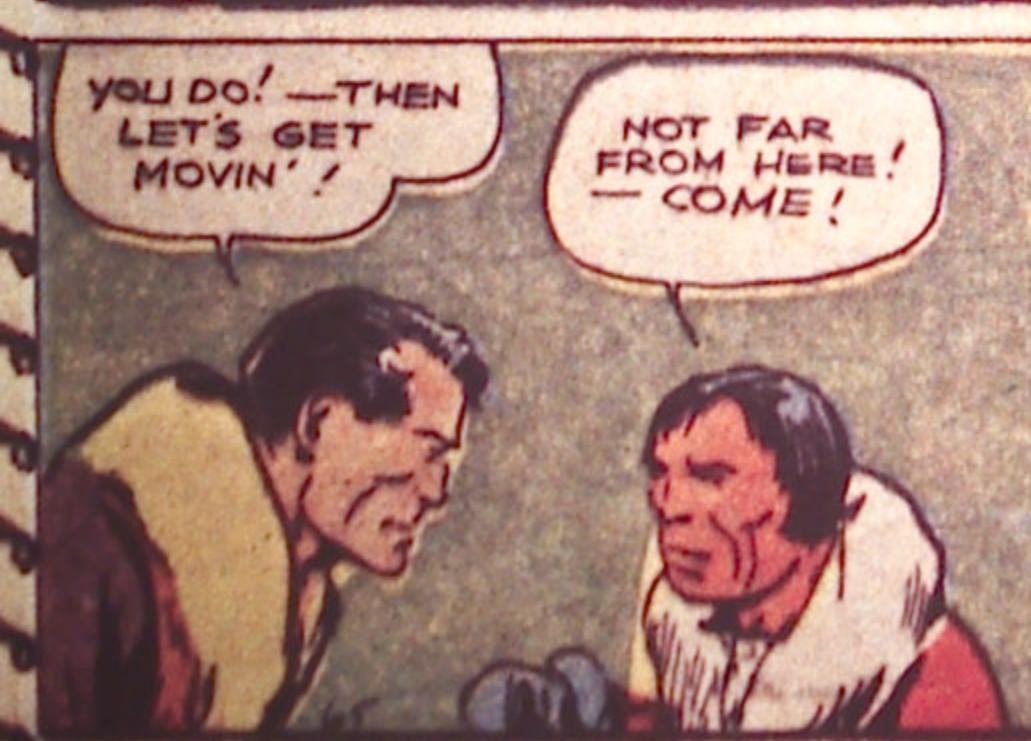
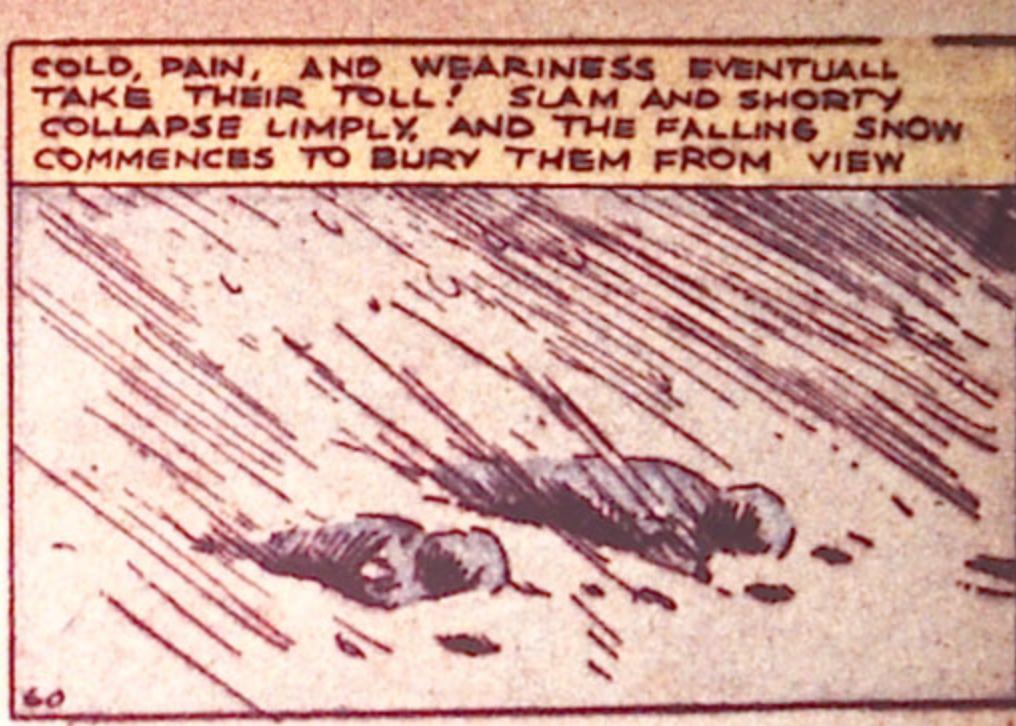
THANK GOODNESS
YOU'RE SAFE! —
BUT WHERE'S
KILO?

KILO! —
KILO!



THE BLIZZARD
WAGES WITH
EVEN INCREASED
FEROCITY --
STIFLING THE
CRIES OF
SLAM AND
SHORTY!





WHAT'S TH' IDEA OF OUR CRAWLIN' LIKE A COUPLA INDIANS?

THERE'S VOICES COMING FROM OVER YONDER -- LET'S TAKE NO CHANCES.

MY GOSH! IT'S ---!

KILO!

NICE WORK, KILO! -- WE'LL NEVER SEE THOSE SNOOPERS AGAIN!

KILO FIXUM PLENTY!

SO KILO WAS HIRED TO DO AWAY WITH US!

WHY TH' DOUBLE-CROSSIN' MURDER-IN' SKUNK!

OUT WITH IT, TRENT! -- WHO WERE THOSE FELLOWS TO YOU?

I DON'T KNOW... AND IF I DID, I WOULDN'T TELL!

NEVER MIND ABOUT THEM -- THEY'RE DEAD -- EITHER YOU SIGN YOUR MINE OVER TO US OR YOU'LL JOIN THEM!

I WON'T SIGN!

AT TABOY, TRENT!

GHOSTS!

NO, YOU FOOL! -- IT'S SLAM BRADLEY! KILL HIM!



SLAM DIVES INTO THE ICY WATERS IN PURSUIT OF SHORTY . . .



A BATTLE FOR LIFE! — THE WATER SWIRLS AND CHURNS AS THE TWO FIGHT, WHILE LUNGS THREATEN TO BURST FROM WANT OF AIR . . .



SEIZING SHORTY UNDER WATER, HE HEADS FOR THE SURFACE WHEN TWO BEAR-LIKE ARMS SEIZE HIM IN A CRUSHING GRIP FROM BEHIND!



BUT SLAM EMERGES VICTOR . . .



WHEN THEY REACH SHORE --

SO LUCY SENT YOU AFTER ME' — IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, THOSE MINE THIEVES WOULD HAVE KILLED ME!

I GUESS WE CAME JUST IN TIME!



TO SHOW YOU HOW GRATEFUL I AM, I'M GOING TO PRESENT YOU WITH LARGE SHARES IN THE MINE!

THANKS!

YIPPEE! WE'RE IN TH' BUCKS!



PREVUE OF NEXT ISSUE!

SLAM

and the

BRADLEY LADY-KILLER

A LIFTING LAUGH . . . THEN A GASPED DEATH RATTLE, SEND SLAM AND SHORTY ON THE DANGEROUS TRAIL OF AN EGOMANIACAL BLUE-BEARD!

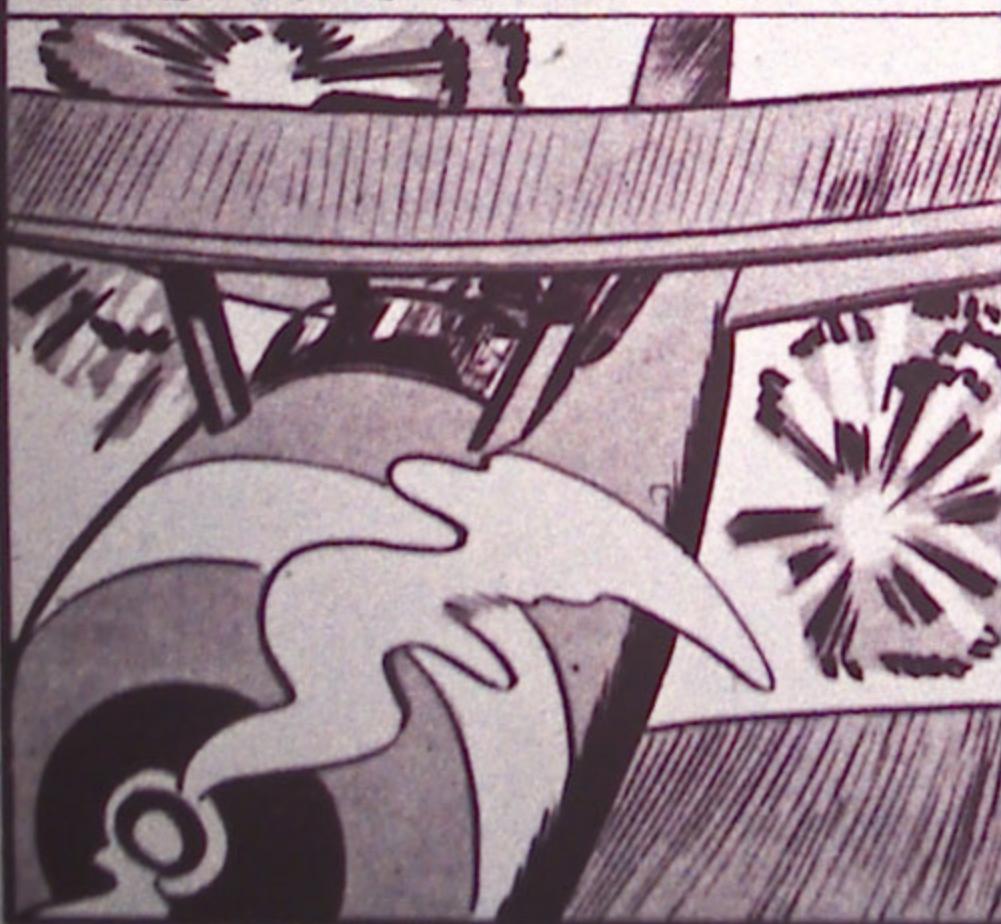
THRILLING! STUNNING!
DON'T MISS IT!!



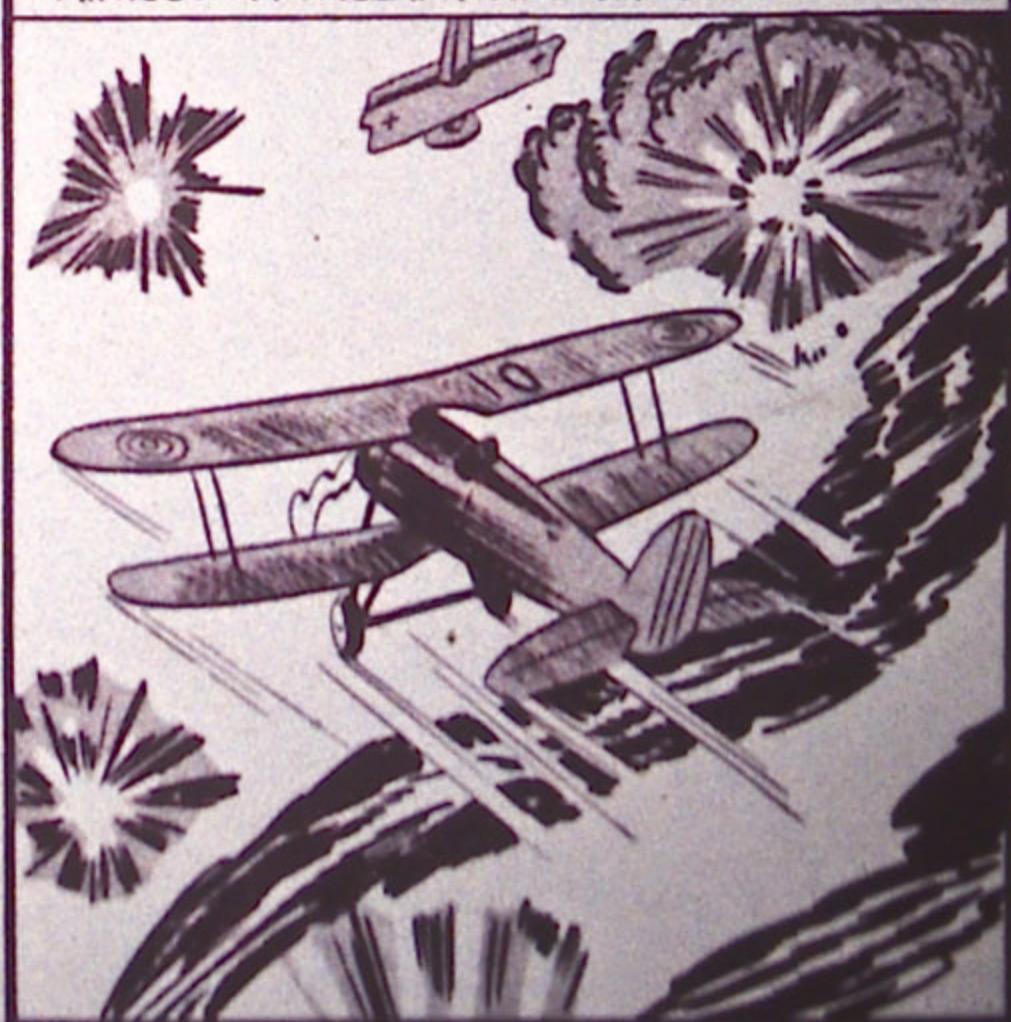
QUENTIN ROOSEVELT HEROIC FIGHTER



QUENTIN ROOSEVELT, SON OF TEDDY ROOSEVELT, BEGAN HIS TRAINING IN 1917 ALONG WITH A GROUP OF YOUNG PILOTS - HE WAS MADE AN INSTRUCTOR AND SOON WENT TO THE FRONT -



HE ENGAGED IN MANY AIR BATTLES, PROVING HIMSELF A GALLANT AND DANGEROUS FIGHTER -



HE WON THE CROIX DE GUERRE FOR HIS BRAVE EFFORTS -



DURING A FIGHT OVER BELLERU WOOD ON "BASTILLE DAY" HE WAS SHOT DOWN - THE GERMANS BURIED HIM AND DECORATED HIS GRAVE WITH PARTS OF HIS DISABLED PLANE -



